

# THE LAVORER

VOL. II.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

PRICE FIVE CENTS, OR SIX CENTS, U.S. CR.

## BEREFT.

She heard old ocean's hollow roll  
And wash of wave upon the sand,  
The while a breeding twilight stole  
By dim degrees o'er all the land,  
"O sea," she said, "give up your dead!  
Give back my sailor boy to me!  
What worth is left in life?" she said,  
"My one love lies beneath the sea!"

A loose wind wander'd through the leaves  
And came and went about the place;  
It whisper'd round the cottage eaves,  
And last it touch'd her on the face.  
"O wind," she said, "my boy is dead!  
And if ye come from yon dark sea,  
Bring back, O wind," she, weeping, said,  
"Some tidings of my boy to me!"

Slowly the dull night wore away,  
A new day trembled to its birth,  
The sun broke through the eastern gray  
And drove the shadows from the earth.  
"Once more," she said, "the night has fled,  
Dawn widens over land and sea,  
But never will it come," she said,  
"The dawn that brings my boy to me."

—All the Year Round.

## DESMORO ;

OR,

## THE RED HAND

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES FROM THE LUMBER ROOM," THE "HUMMING-BIRD," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"Yes," continued Comfort, "how was I, who was almost shoeless, and footsore, hungry, and weary, to walk a distance of six miles?"  
"But I must make the attempt. If I could but reach Highcliff, I was sure that its master and mistress would render me some assistance which would lift me out of my present condition of want and wretchedness. With hope in my young bosom, I trudged onwards and onwards, praying that heaven would give me strength to perform the whole of the journey before me. I was aware that I did not present an appearance that would command the attention and respect of servants, and I was dreading lest Mr. Thetford's domestics should prevent my approach to the house, and drive me thence, deeming me some troublesome tramp, whom their master and mistress might have been vexed to see."

"When I had walked about two miles, I was so fatigued that I had to sit down behind a hedge, in order to rest myself a little. My heart felt nearly broken at this time, and I was beginning to wish for death to come and put an end to all my woes. I knew that my wish was a very impious one, but I was far too miserable to care for that fact."

"Highcliff—Highcliff!" I kept on repeating to myself, my brain growing strangely confused as I thus sat with my head resting on my hand, my limbs aching, and hunger gnawing at my vitals. Presently the scene faded from my view, and I remembered no more until I opened my eyes to utter darkness and night."

"I started up in affright. I was in a lonely road, along which I could see no signs of any human habitation. I had been asleep or insensible for some hours, and I was now feeling weaker, and worse than ever. I felt ready to lay me down and die."

"I could not wander on in darkness, so I sat down again, and began to cry."

"I never shall forget my sensations on that memorable occasion, the desolation and misery of those houseless, famishing hours. An orphan and friendless entirely. The night was intensely cold, and I was poorly clad. You may judge of my sufferings crouched thus in solitary blankness; shivering and shuddering at every sound; watching for the coming of morn."

At length grey dawn appeared. I hailed the approach of day with a fresh burst of tears, for I found that I was wholly unable to crawl away from this spot; I was too ill and too weak to do so."

"It was behind a hedge, concealed from the highway, that I was resting. I might have died



THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

there without notice from any one, the place was so remote from observation."

"After a lapse of about two hours, I heard the sounds of horses' hoofs, and heavy wheels in the road. Some waggon was drawing near."

"I tried to move—using all my little remaining strength in that endeavor—but all in vain. Then I cried out at the very top of my voice—cried out again and again."

"I afterwards paused, and listened. Still, I could hear the slowly-advancing horses and wheels; but no other sounds reached my strained ears."

"I shouted once more, piteously imploring help; but there came no answer to my call."

"My heart sank in my breast."

"Presently I heard the vehicle stop. I felt giddy with thankfulness and joy at this. Assistance was surely at hand. None, I thought, would refuse to aid me in my suffering condition."

"By and by a masculine voice made itself heard."

"Who called?" inquired the voice."

"I—I!" I answered, eagerly, trying to raise myself as I spoke."

"Where are you, and who are you?" further demanded the voice."

"I am here!" I replied, doing my best to force my way through a gap in the hedge. "I am a poor girl!" I added, a big sob at the time almost choking my utterance."

"Stop a minute, my lass, and I'll give thee a helping hand," I heard the voice further say, in cheery tones, which made my very soul rejoice."

"And then I felt a strong arm encircle my waist, and, more dead than alive, I was dragged

out of my hiding-place, and seated on a hillock close by."

"I had my eyes closed, and a cold, death-like sensation was creeping through all my veins."

"Come, come, lass cheer up!" cried my deliverer, his arm still supporting my drooping form. "Thou'rt safe enough now, I'll warrant me. What be the matter with thee? Art thou ill?"

"I am dying with hunger!" I gasped out faintly."

"With hunger? Heaven bless thee, poor lass, I'm sorry to hear thee say so. But as that's a complaint that wants no doctor to set it right, we'll soon bring the round. So get thee into my waggon, and I'll carry thee up to the house. They'll use thee well, there, I'll answer for that much."

"I can't walk a step," I rejoined. "I have no strength whatever. I feel as if about to die."

"My companion did not say another word, but I felt myself raised in his powerful arms, carried away, and placed upon a heap of straw in his conveyance, which was instantly put in motion."

"Art thou comfortable, lass?" inquired my friend, covering me with something heavy. "We'll have thee up at the house, and a good meal of victuals before thee, in less than half an hour from this. I've put the beasts to their quickest speed, so open thy eyes, and give us a look at 'em."

"I languidly obeyed, and my gaze fell on a young countryman, with an open countenance, betokening great benevolence and good humor."

"Um! Thou'rt a pretty wench!" he exclaimed, approvingly, after he had scanned my fea-

tures narrowly, with his head first on one side and then on the other."

"I'll as I was at the time, my powers of observation did not entirely fail me. The jolting of the vehicle, too, was rousing me up a little."

"See, yonder's the house!" he went on, "at the top of the hill before us!"

"What house?" I asked, feebly."

"Highcliff, to be sure!" he answered, looking down at me."

"Highcliff!" repeated I. "What, the residence of Mr. Thetford?"

"Ay. Do you know the squire?"

"Yes—that is, I once knew him."

"Then you'll be glad to see him, and he'll be glad to see you, I suppose. Was you goin' there?"

"Where?"

"To Highcliff."

"I was intending to call upon Mrs. Thetford. I had no further business with her, save to return a handkerchief of hers which I found in the road yesterday, and to ask her husband and herself to assist me in my present strait of circum-

stances. Mr. Thetford knows me well, I explained. "Lor, how strange!" returned my companion, in a simple manner, "how could I know?"

"I was full of hope now, as you may well imagine, for I was building much upon the generosity of Mr. Thetford."

"Well, after a short time, we reached Highcliff, which was a most imposing edifice, perched upon an eminence, and surrounded by magnificent grounds of vast extent."

"As we approached one of the back entrances of the house, I saw Mr. Thetford himself, giving directions to some men who were engaged in placing iron spikes on the top of a fence."

"The waggoner spoke to the gentleman, who looked much mystified as he listened to him."

"I then saw Mr. Thetford approach the conveyance in which I was sitting. I was quite faint with agitation at this moment, and it was with considerable difficulty that I could succeed in keeping myself from swooning outright."

"I can't understand," I heard him say to the waggoner. "A young girl, did you say?" he added, as he drew nearer to the vehicle."

"The sound of his well-known voice seemed to fill me with sudden energy."

"It is I, Comfort Shavings!" I cried out, "He was by my side in an instant; and, after the lapse of a very short time, indeed, I was sitting in a cosy room, having all my wants attended to, kind Mrs. Thetford herself waiting upon me, and anticipating all my wishes."

"The Thetfords behaved to me as kindly as they could, and much commiserated my destitute position."

"I stayed with them some months, until I had quite regained my former health and strength. Then I began to grow uneasy, and I longed to go forth and seek some means of earning a subsistence for myself. I did not like to eat the bread of dependence when I was feeling able to labor for my own requirements."

"Mr. and Mrs. Thetford murmured when I talked of soon leaving them, and wondered why I could not make up my mind to remain with them for ever."

"I had no ties of any sort, they said; then, wherefore could I not stay with them?"

"I was much too young to go forth into the world wholly alone and unprotected," they further added."

"No matter for my youth, I replied, I was now able to earn my livelihood, and I would do so."

"They used all their persuasive efforts in order to induce me to stay with them. But in vain, I resisted all their arguments: I was grateful for their kindness, I said, but I could not think of trespassing upon it any longer."

"What could they possibly say to me after my firm protestations that I would not remain with them, that I preferred to go forth and buffet with the world for my daily bread, rather than live a life of ease? They could not blame me for my decision, and they did not attempt to do so."

"After a great deal of trouble, Mr. Thetford succeeded in learning the whereabouts of Mr. Jellico, who had again become the manager of a strolling company; and, after being well clothed, I was placed in his care, with many strict injunctions from the Thetfords."

"In the first place, I was not to be permitted to want for anything, as they (the Thetfords) would always be delighted to assist me as far as I would allow them to do so. And, in the event of my getting tired of my labors, or falling ill, I was to return to them, and share their home, just as if that home belonged unto myself."

"My heart swelled with thankfulness to hear them. I was not quite alone in the world now,



for heaven had sent me friends, friends who were only too happy to aid me.

"Well, I need not weary your ear with a recital of all my industrious strivings during the early portion of my professional career. Year after year went over my head, and I was still in a strolling company, as yet, unable to climb up higher, to attain the position I was endeavoring to reach.

"I felt that I had talents, and I was yearning to display them where they might have a chance of being properly appreciated. I was a woman now, and I was full of ambitious aspirations.

"At length fortune brought me what I so much desired. A London manager, who was searching in the provinces for some novel plant worthy of being removed to a richer soil, seeing me act, and approving of my style, engaged me to lead the business in his theatre in town.

"I was in ecstasies at the prospect now before me; and when my *début* was over, and my success established in London, I did not seem to have another object to desire. I soon became a universal favorite with the public, and I was as happy as a queen.

"The Thetfords were quite proud of my good fortune, and so, likewise, was worthy Samuel Jellico. I had a handsome salary (Mr. Jellico took care of that important matter for me), which finding I was unable to spend it, I husbanded carefully, and allowed to accumulate.

"I need not narrate to you any more of my doings, as I have nothing to rehearse to you but a long list of Fortune's favors. You see my present position, therefore I need not explain it in any superfluous words.

"And now, Desmoro, I have done."

"I am glad to hear as much," he returned, in a most significant manner. In his secret heart, he had been quaking lest she might have some little love-episodes to relate to him, some delicate confession to make as regarded her own particular self. Comfort was a very lovely woman, and he had fully prepared himself to hear that she had a whole host of lovers in her train of general and enthusiastic admirers. But no word or syllable had she breathed on the subject of love or lovers, and, consequently, Desmoro's mind was much relieved on that point.

"Were her affections really free, and would he ever be able to win those affections?" he asked himself over and over again, as he sat in her presence, watching her every look, and longing to tell her how he cared for her in the years gone by, and how the old feeling for her had come back into his breast.

Talking about themselves, they sat together several hours, taking no heed whatever of the flight of time.

Desmoro inquired after Jellico's whereabouts.

"Oh, he has retired from the stage," returned Comfort, with some slight embarrassment, "he had become quite a victim to the rheumatism."

"I am sorry to hear that," rejoined Desmoro, sincerely; "and, at the same time, I rejoice that he had the means to withdraw from his labors. I thought he was poor, I am glad to find that I was mistaken."

Comfort colored a little at this, but she made no reply; she was far too generous and noble-minded to let any one know that Samuel Jellico, her sometime manager, was a pensioner on her bounty. The deeds of charity performed by the actress were never paraded before the eyes of the public, never permitted to be whispered abroad. Whatever gifts she bestowed, were bestowed with such delicacy and feeling, that the recipient of her bounty almost forgot the amount of the obligation so gracefully conferred upon him. Comfort had known much scant and want herself, and, consequently, her heart was full of tender sympathy for the wants of others.

CHAPTER II.

After this, Desmoro lived for a purpose: he lived to love Comfort, to love her with all the warmth and devotion of his ardent nature. The Colonel saw how matters were progressing with his son, and, having been made acquainted with the object of Desmoro's affections, and approving of that object, he was quite delighted, and ready to receive Comfort as his son's wife.

Desmoro sought Comfort daily, but as yet he had not made any proposal of marriage to her; nay, he had not even hinted at such a subject; he was dreading to do so lest she should refuse him. Had he possessed an honest name, could he but have offered her a hand pure as her own, he would not have hesitated at asking her to become his. With Marguerite d'Auvergne his case had worn an altogether different aspect. To a certain extent she had encouraged Desmoro's attentions, at the same time showing him that she felt more than a common interest in him and his welfare. She had fascinated and bewildered his feelings, and his gratitude towards her had begotten in him a strong love, which, in a bosom so innately honorable as his, would never have diminished or known any change. In other words, had Marguerite lived to plight with him her solemn vows at the altar, she would never have regretted that she had done so. But heaven, whose decrees none can avert, had willed matters otherwise.

Desmoro now went abroad with less fear than heretofore. He lived wholly apart from the world at large, an anchorite kind of existence quite, it would have been, but for the society of Comfort. He had almost forgotten the fact of having an enemy somewhere. Desmoro had evaded his old foe for so long a period, that he was now feeling tolerably secure.

Well, months fled, and Desmoro still faltered—still held back from making any positive avowal of his love to Comfort.

She did not comprehend his strange reticence, and marvelled much that he did not openly declare his intentions towards her. She knew his feelings as well as if such had been spoken in words to her, but, notwithstanding that, she was not quite contented.

Just at this time, a very wealthy man fell in love with Comfort, and there and then offered her his hand.

Comfort showed Desmoro the gentleman's letters to her, and, in order to test the sincerity of his feelings, and to draw him into a declaration of them, she pretended to ask his counsel concerning the offer she had just received.

Desmoro changed color, and began to stammer a good deal, quite at a loss how to answer her.

Comfort observed his discomfiture, and she began to grow somewhat vexed with him for his lack of proper courage at such a time, when she had given him every opportunity to speak to her on a subject to which she wished to listen.

"The offer is a very excellent one in every respect, is it not?" quivered Desmoro, his face white as a linen cloth.

"Y-e-s!" returned Comfort drawlingly, her heart suddenly sinking in her breast. "Mr. Manton is very rich, indeed."

Desmoro winced, and for some seconds neither spoke.

"But I haven't any liking for the gentleman," said Comfort, the first to break the painful silence that had fallen upon them.

Desmoro looked up, and his features, over which a deep flush had spread, quivered and twitched.

"And it would not be just towards an honorable man to deceive him in any way, would it?" proceeded she, narrowly watching her companion while she spoke.

"No," dropped he, falteringly.

"No; I have been thinking as much."

Then there again ensued a lengthy pause—a pause which Desmoro feared to break, lest he should lose his self-control and let loose his feelings.

While affairs were in this situation between our two lovers, the Colonel entered Comfort's dwelling, and was ushered into the presence of the embarrassed pair, the expression of whose face at once informed the Colonel that something was wrong with their owners.

He looked from one to the other; then asked what was the matter.

This question, so abrupt, confused our friends more and more.

"Nothing at all was the matter," Comfort at last replied, her lips quivering while she spoke, and a sickly smile relaxing her features.

Desmoro bit his lips and fidgeted with his feet. By-and-by he said, "Comfort has just had an offer of marriage, and she has been asking my advice upon the subject."

The above words were delivered in hollow, tremulous accents.

"Comfort has had an offer of marriage?" repeated the Colonel, in accents of surprise and bewilderment. "May I ask from whom?" he added, glancing first at Desmoro, and then at Comfort, who was sitting absently looking at her folded hands, which were lying in her lap.

No one answered, and the Colonel repeated his question, at which Comfort pointed to an open letter, which the Colonel took up, and silently perused.

"Ah, I understand now!" he said, coldly, scarcely comprehending anything about the matter, notwithstanding his words. "Um! and how have you decided—eh?"

Comfort shrugged her shoulders, and made no reply.

"Eh?" queried the Colonel, anxious to hear what her intentions were; whether she purpose becoming Mrs. Manton or Mrs. Somebody Else. "Well?" he went on, finding she did not answer him, "you have not yet informed me?" Still no rejoinder from her.

"Are we to be left in ignorance quite of your intentions?" continued he in a half-laughing manner, at the same time advancing towards her, and laying his fatherly hand on her shoulder. "Come, what say you?"

"I have nothing whatever to say," responded she, full of embarrassment, and in the most awkward manner possible.

"Nothing to say!" echoed the Colonel, elevating his eyebrows. "Ah, I suppose I am asking too much in thus requesting your confidence?"

"No, not at all!" was her confused response.

He gazed at her, amazement in all his looks; but she still maintained her former manner, which was full of strangeness and mystery.

At this moment Desmoro started up, and began to restlessly pace the room to and fro. The Colonel remarked his excited state, and so also did Comfort, although she was looking as demure as she possibly could, and as if she were not remarking anything that was passing around her.

If Desmoro were uncomfortable and unhappy at this moment, so likewise was she, although she did not show that she was particularly moved in any way. Her face was, perhaps, somewhat paler than usual, and that was all the sign of emotion she betrayed.

"We are to have a wedding, I suppose?" the Colonel said, at length, scarcely knowing what to say.

Comfort shook her head, negatively.

"No?"

"No, indeed, Colonel," answered she, turning her head aside, her cheeks burning and red.

"Not between Mr. Manton and yourself, you

mean?" the Colonel added, in a significant tone, glancing at Desmoro in a sly manner.

"Yes; of course, I meant as much," she replied.

"Ah, now I am beginning to comprehend matters," pursued the Colonel, laughingly. "But this Mr. Manton is extremely wealthy, is he not?"

"I believe he is," half pouted Comfort, wishing in her heart that the Colonel would change the subject, and talk about something else.

"Do you not think that his offer deserves some serious consideration on your part?"

"No."

"Oh, surely, yes."

"Wherefore should I bestow consideration on a matter in which I feel not the slightest interest?"

"Perhaps you are averse to the notion of matrimony?" the Colonel further queried.

She flushed and bit her lips. His question had been much too abrupt and pointed. But he was thinking of his son, and dreading lest he loved hopelessly, and he thought the present time too valuable to let slip by.

"Now is the moment," thought the Colonel, fully determined to make use of his opportunity. "I will learn at once whether or not she cares for Desmoro."

But he found that there was much difficulty in carrying out his project, that it was easier to make a resolution than to fulfil it.

Desmoro himself, being present at the time, caused the Colonel much embarrassment and trouble. But the subject was already broached, and so it would be just as well to proceed with it, and endeavor to learn what he was wishing to learn. He loved his son dearly, and his most earnest, earthly desire was to see that son made happy.

Colonel Symure could quite comprehend wherefore Desmoro had refrained from avowing his feelings, and from proposing to Comfort. Desmoro, he knew, felt his painful position most keenly, and was afraid to ask Comfort to share with him his blighted existence.

The Colonel sighed, as he reflected that it was through his means that his son owned a crushed life. But the past was without remedy; and in the present, Colonel Symure desired to make amends for that past.

He lifted up his eyes, and to his surprise and delight, perceived that Desmoro had left the room, or rather, that he had retired to an inner one, and was there absently standing at a window, gazing into a green square before the house.

The Colonel rubbed his hands, and glanced at Comfort, who was sitting near a table, listlessly turning over the leaves of a book before her. She was looking disturbed, and now much paler than her wont.

The Colonel nervously hemmed once or twice; then he drew his chair a little closer to Comfort, and hemmed again. But she did not pretend to take any notice of him, she still bent over the pages of her book.

"Comfort," said he, in a low voice, again drawing his chair nearer to hers.

She closed the book, and turned towards him.

"Yes, Colonel," she replied.

"You have learned to regard me with almost the feelings of a daughter, have you not, Comfort?" pursued he, looking into her face, and addressing her in gentle accents.

"I like you very much," she answered, very simply, "for you are Desmoro's father."

"Who would be proud to become yours also, Comfort," he rejoined, quickly and pointedly.

She made no rejoinder: she was trembling in every limb, and her heart was palpitating wildly.

"Give me a right to call you daughter, Comfort," he added, suddenly seizing one of her hands.

"I do not understand you," faltered she.

"No?"

"No, indeed, Colonel."

He shook his head, doubtfully.

"You do not credit me, Colonel, eh?"

"I should be rude to tell you as much, should I not? At all events you would deem me so."

"Probably, I should."

"You are a woman; one not deficient in woman's shrewdness."

"Well?"

"You have eyes, and you have seen," added the Colonel, his tones full of meaning.

She was silent for some few seconds, she had not courage to reply to him at the moment.

"I don't quite understand you, Colonel," she returned, very demurely.

"Oh, Comfort, Comfort!" laughed he, reprovingly, "you know that Desmoro loves you," he continued, sinking his voice into a whisper.

"He loves me?" quivered she, her face all aglow with sudden joy. "Does Desmoro really care for me, Colonel?" she went on, fluttering with pleasurable emotion.

"Can you question that fact, Comfort?" asked Desmoro himself, suddenly appearing at her side.

She started up in sudden tremor, and her color went and came.

The Colonel rose, and, unperceived, slipped out of the room. And now Desmoro was left to plead his own cause, which he did so effectually, that Comfort soon consented to become his wife.

Desmoro's heart was now filled with joy and happiness; the dearest wish of his life was about to be accomplished, and bright sunshine beamed in upon his soul.

Miss Chavring had taken her leave of the public, the wedding-day was fixed, and everything was in preparation for the celebration of

the anticipated and blissful event, when one day, as Desmoro and his affianced bride were slowly driving round Hyde Park, an uncouth figure suddenly started up before them, and was nearly run over.

"Confound you! cannot you see the horses?" said Desmoro, at once pulling up his horses.

"Holloa!" cried the man, who had staggered backwards a few paces. "Why, darn my buttons, if it beant Red Hand!"

At the mention of that terrible soubriquet, Desmoro cast a scared glance at the speaker, and then, lashing his beasts, dashed onwards at a furious speed, heedless of whither he was proceeding.

"What is the matter?" inquired his companion.

"It was he," answered Desmoro.

"He! Whom?"

"That villain, Pidgers," Desmoro rejoined.

"Pidgers!" repeated she, in affright. "Oh, drive on faster, faster, Desmoro!" she continued, urging him on, and casting hurried looks behind her. "I see him—I see him hastening after us! Let us leave the park, and proceed home by a circuitous route!"

"Have no fear, dearest, we shall be out of his reach directly. The miscreant cannot run as fast as my pair of horses."

Nor could he; for soon the wretch gave up the chase, and stood still, gaping after the equipage containing Desmoro and Comfort.

"Caught agin, an' missed, agin, arter such a long hunt arter him!" cried Pidgers, sinking on one of the park seats. "In coorse, I may as well sit down yere, as do aught else at present, seeln' as how my pair of legs would never be able to overtake yon two beasts he's drivin' of; an' she, too, I knowed her in an instant, as soon as ever I clapped my two eyes on her—she, Miss Comfort Shavings, all friendly wee the thief. He hev' gotten her to hisself at last, I reckons; blister him! Well, whaten am I to do, whaten would it be best fur me to do? I must see him hanged, I've sworn to do so, an' I means to keep my oath in this piece of business, if I never keeps a oath agin!"

And Pidgers clenched his fingers tightly, and muttered curses many as he brooded over his wicked intentions.

While he was thus sitting, he removed his cap from his heated brow, and wiped his face. Just as he was about to replace his head-covering, a strong grip was laid upon his shoulder; and, looking up, Pidgers saw the resolute countenance of Captain Williams.

Pidgers uttered a terrified cry, and tried to shake off the Captain's hold.

"You miserable rascal, I've caught you at last, have I?" exclaimed the latter. "Don't budge, or I'll crush you with a single blow; I will, by heaven!"

"Let me goo, let me goo!" struggled Pidgers, with all his might.

But Captain Williams' clutch was not to be shaken off or disturbed. Pidgers was being held as in a vice, and he plunged and kicked quite uselessly.

Presently a little crowd gathered around the Captain and his ungainly-looking prisoner, and several policemen appearing, the Captain gave Pidgers in charge, and he was immediately secured and borne away to prison.

On the following evening, Captain Williams presented himself at the residence of Colonel Symure, and requesting to see that gentleman or his son, he was at once ushered into their presence.

Desmoro took his visitor's hand almost silently, and so, likewise, did the Colonel. Both the gentlemen looked oppressed and unhappy.

The Captain seated himself. The expression of his visage betokened that he was the bearer of some important intelligence.

"I regret that we can give you only a sorry welcome, Captain," said the Colonel, with a deep sigh.

"What is the matter?" queried the sailor, looking first at the Colonel then at Desmoro.

"Our house is again full of trouble, Captain," answered the Colonel.

"How's that, my friend; what on earth has happened?"

"That wretch Pidgers has again crossed our path."

"Is that all?" cried the sailor, lightly.

"All! is it not enough?"

"Set your minds at rest; Pidgers will never annoy you more."

"How?" exclaimed Desmoro, starting up.

"What mean you?"

"The wretch is dead!" answered Captain Williams.

"Dead!" echoed the two gentlemen.

"Yes; he has committed suicide."

"Suicide!" repeated Desmoro.

"When and how?"

Captain Williams now hastened to inform his hearers how he had chanced upon Pidgers in the park, and of how he carried him off to prison; where, during the night, he unexpectedly died, apparently in great torments, and, as it was supposed, by poison, which the man must have had secreted somewhere about his person.

"And he is dead?" said Desmoro, scarcely able to credit the evidence of his ears, to believe that his bitter foe was no more.

"Yes; he is dead, sure enough," rejoined the Captain. "And, after the post-mortem examination, I shall be enabled to acquaint you through what means he is so."

Desmoro sat transfixed. This intelligence was so utterly unlooked-for by him, that he could not all at once bring himself to put faith in it. He felt like a man suddenly relieved at the very foot of the gallows, and he was nearly



speechless with thankfulness and joy. Yes, Desmoro could not help rejoicing over Pidge's death, over the death of his last foe.

The Colonel wrung the sailor's hand, and almost wept out his thanksgivings, so grateful was he at Desmoro's deliverance from the power of the relentless Pidge's.

Captain Williams was asked to Desmoro's wedding, which was a very quiet event indeed, celebrated at a church some short distance from town, where only a little curiosity was evinced by a few country people, nothing more.

In the midst of the wedding-breakfast, a telegram addressed to Colonel Symure arrived from town, announcing the sudden death of Caroline, the Colonel's wife.

I will not say that this unexpected news shocked or pained Desmoro's father very much: he had never loved the woman, and her disagreeable and violent temper had always prevented him from even respecting her. He felt no regret whatsoever at her death, but thrusting the missive away, endeavored to think no more about it.

"My children," he said, addressing the bride and bridegroom, "I have changed my mind, I will accompany you on your wedding tour."

And so he did, and that tour was all the pleasanter to Desmoro and his bride, because they had the Colonel's society.

From Antwerp our friends went to Brussels, thence to the ancient city of Cologne, afterwards to Bonn, where they tarried for a time, enchanted with its lovely environs, and the picturesque scenery all around.

Our tourists then journeyed up the beautiful and majestic Rhine, which fairly enchained all their admiration.

"Comfort," said her husband, as they were sitting on the deck of a river steamboat, first gazing at the dark shadows of the vine-covered mountains, then at the numerous feudal castles in ruins, then at the walled and turreted towns,—"Comfort, this scenery is unrivalled; here should I like to find a quiet spot, where I could pitch my tent for the remainder of my days."

She looked up into his face, a loving smile upon her own.

"Anywhere with thee I shall be happy," was her gentle answer.

He pressed her hand in grateful silence, while a tear of pride and joy for a moment dimmed his eyes.

The castle of Ehenbreitstein, perched on the top of its massive rock pedestal, was now visible, and Coblenz was soon reached, and our friends went on shore, and repaired to the Giant Hotel, at the entrance of which they were met by a lady and gentleman, at the sight of whom Comfort pressed her husband's arm, and began to tremble.

"The Thetfords, Desmoro!" she whispered.

He hurried her quickly, and passed them.

"Remember, dear Comfort, what I am! I can have no friend but thou, and thou canst have none other save thine husband!"

"I am content, dear Desmoro! Thou art all the world to me!"

A short time ago I was staying at Nuhlofen, a village at the mouth of the river Sayn. As I was fond of picturesque scenery, I often rambled about from one village to another, never wearied with my numerous explorations.

One day, during my rambles in search of the romantic, either in the shape of an old castle, a ruinous chateau, or a mouldering abbey, I came upon a beautiful and secluded valley, through which the stream of the Sayn gracefully meandered, bestowing verdure and loveliness upon the scene.

I stood perfectly enchanted with the fair prospect. There was a fallen tree spanning a narrow part of the river, serving as a bridge, and upon that tree I stepped, thoughtlessly enough, too much fascinated with all I could see to think of the danger I was likely to incur by this act.

Suddenly, my foot slipped, and in the next instant I found myself sitting on the slimy trunk, hanging over the rippling water (of the probable depth of which I could not hazard a single guess), not daring to stir a limb.

I looked around in speechless dismay and terror. Not a soul could I see.

Great heaven! what was I to do? What could I do?

I was ready to burst into a torrent of useless tears, when a cheery voice addressed me.

"Do not stir, madam, and I will assist you."

At these words my heart fairly bounded in my breast, and the sickening sensation which was gradually creeping over me vanished at once.

I obeyed the instructions of the voice: I did not move an inch. I scarcely dared to breathe. Presently some one was by my side; and an arm encircled my waist, and lifted me into safety.

"Here—let me lead you across," spoke my preserver. "This passage over the stream was never intended for ladies!"

Saying which the speaker extended to me his hand, at seeing which I uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Gracious powers, Red Hand!" I said, amazed almost depriving me of all strength at the moment.

My companion did not answer a word, but guided my steps until I reached the rocks, then the green, smooth sward.

"Madam," said my conductor, "I have preserved your life!"

"You have—you have!" I rejoined, gratefully.

"In return for which service, render me one."

"A whole score of such, if I can do so."

"Forget that you have seen me!" he added, in a marked manner.

"I shall return to Sydney next week," I answered. "I swear most solemnly never to divulge to any living creature that I have seen you here!"

"Madam, I trust you!" he replied.

At this moment a lady joined us, and I bowed myself away, and began to mount the hill-side.

When I was half way up the acclivity, I turned round and paused to look after my deliverer.

In the valley I saw two figures, one of which was a graceful, gentle-faced woman, the other the somewhat bushy-haired, Red Hand.

I put my palms together, and uttered the Australian bush-cry.

In an instant Desmoro turned round and answered my farewell.

"Adieu!" I shouted. "Heaven guard you!"

And from a neighboring mountain came the echoing response, "Heaven guard you!"

THE END.

## SAVED.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials, but I received the letter and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's drawing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the sea-side, where I had spent my vacation—made by Mrs. Maltby, to whom I had been a companion for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying: "Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them and keep them." I usually sat with her in her dressing-room through the mornings, and thither I repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippered feet on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance towards my companion.

Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned towards me. In its irregularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly.

The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked, but silent. I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had heard of. I could not surmise what had happened.

I saw her burn the letter, and she rose and left the room.

Afterwards I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was now unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change.

It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine—Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend from New York. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements, pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without knock or warning, the door was flung open and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I myself was frightened, the intruder looked so bold and reckless.

He was very handsome, but he looked to me to have been travelling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled; his long, clustering hair unbrushed; his eyes blood-shot; yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before and not far from her, however.

"Go on Violet," she said.

"Certainly. Let the young lady proceed with her task," he said, quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidant, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been quite mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid, but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refuse me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had first spoken—low and concentrated.

"Certainly," she answered.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated, and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me went over his

face. Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him.

He got up and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winifred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it to-night, to-night," he repeated.

Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winifred," he said, pausing before her, "and I promise you it shall be the last time."

She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winifred."

His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

"I did not think God could make such a woman as you are," he said, at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with her unalterable composure.

"I told you more than a year ago that I should pay no more debts of yours, contracted at faro, or in any other way," she said. "I meant it; you know I meant it. I have given you fair warning; I shall not change."

He did not speak; his head was dropped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

"I have done my duty by you, Guy; you know that I have," she added.

"Yes, you have been just, but you have never been merciful," he replied. "Oh, God!" He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart.

I looked at her. She did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and with his head drooped and his arms folded upon his back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat nearer the fire. Her lips were gray as if she were cold, but her face was still as invincible as a flint.

He gave a groan, and started up suddenly.

"I am going," he said, "I—He met her eye, and asked: "Why did you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you well remember."

A flush stained her cheek.

"You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived," she said sarcastically. But the sting did not seem to reach him.

"If she had lived! Oh, heaven, if she had lived! Winifred Sedley, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me."

"I am willing," she answered.

He remained not a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away.

She was ill the next day, but on the day following she appeared much as usual.

Of all I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I had not understood it; Mrs. Maltby would make me feel it. I understood, that the two were brother and sister; that the young man was named Guy Sedley; that he was dissolute and in disgrace; that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more.

But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber.

It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantel was chiming twelve.

After a moment I slipped out of bed and glided towards the open door. The long embroidered folds of my night-gown tripped me, but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see; certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper, burning in a silver sconce upon the wall, showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach this apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable—that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister.

I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched up the knife and leaped back to the door.

I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him—done all as in a flash of lightning—and as he rose to his feet stood with my back to the closed door, with a calmness that showed that it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bills he had been searching for into the fob of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was petite, and I had not screamed. I know now that he was not much afraid of me, although he appeared to be.

"You have been robbing your sister," I said, "but if you will put the money back, I will let you go."

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

"You, child, are not afraid of me?" he asked.

"No," I answered truthfully.

"But I watched you in your sleep a moment ago, debating whether it was necessary to kill you or not."

"You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary," I answered.

He looked more astonished than before, but I did not stop to think of that.

"Put the money back," I said.

"No," he said firmly. "I will murder you first."

"Do not do that," said I. "I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day."

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

"How much money have you there?" I asked.

"One hundred dollars."

"And you need it very much?"

"Very much," he replied, with a bitter smile.

"Please put it back," I said. "She has been just to you. I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money."

"You?"

"I have it—yes—here in my room; let me show you."

I flung open the door next to my writing-desk and came back.

"These I will give you freely," I said, opening the roll. "You said to your sister it should be the last time, and I hope—"

He had taken the bills into his hand, looking at them in a kind, unbelieving way.

"You may hope that you have saved me," he said, in a low tone.

We were silent for a moment.

"You know now that I was very sorry for you," I said with tears in my eyes.

"Yes," he said gravely. "And I love you for it."

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back, and rearranged the chest. I began to listen nervously for voices about the house, but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

"You know where it is kept?"

"Yes, in a drawer in her dressing-room." I wondered how he had obtained it.

"Hurry and get away."

"There is no danger; I paved the way carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!"

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features, then wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash, and leaped soundlessly out into the darkness.

I extinguished the taper and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound of any kind about the house until day break.

When I arose I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing-desk, where I had laid it. Then I shuddered.

At eight o'clock the watchman, who was kept on the ground, was found gagged and bound just inside Redburn's entrance. Yes, Guy Sedley had paved his way coolly and surely.

A year later I was mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them to me.

On her dying bed she had said:

"Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown." She paused, and then went on:

"You have seen my brother; I loved him, I was ambitious for him, but his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin—Flora—a lovely child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married, but I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation; I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him; she trusted him; but she was delicate, and died. He said I killed her."

She grew pale even past her dying pallor, but she went on:

"When I last saw him the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter; he had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably in jail now; but I will have none of him, and I will never forgive him."

So she died hard as a flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn.

I was young; I was fond of gaiety; I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my home was filled with guests. In the winter, I was in New York or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley; when one day the Bromleys, of New York, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend. I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came.

It was a shock, but he gave no token of the past. Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of my guests. I loved him, but I thought: "He must hate me, the usurper of his rights. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him again."

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening. I went and took a seat near him.

"How lovely this view is!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the distant hills.

"Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim upon it."

He did not speak, and I went on, saying:

"Your sister was just, and she would have made you the heir had she lived to see what you are to-day."

"But it was your mercy, and not your justice, Miss Violet, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and I will take Redburn with your hand, not else."

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud, to make him master of Redburn.



## AGONY POINT.

BY TOM BROWN.

He sat in the elegant gilded saloon  
Where the élite of beauty and fashion were  
found;  
But no more care he than the man in the moon  
For the charms and the grace which encom-  
passed him round.

All around him bright faces their happiness  
showed  
When music arose with its rapturous strain;  
But no sign of pleasure on his features glowed,  
In fact they seemed rather expressive of pain.

And one sang a song which enchanted all ears,  
But sad thoughts in him were inspired by the  
strain,  
For his eyes seemed as if they were bursting  
with tears  
To lighten the anguish that burned his brain.

His lips were compressed, his glances were  
strange,  
His hand he oft nervously pressed to his side;  
But no matter how often his features may  
change,  
They told always of agony struggling with  
pride.

His friends saw his trouble, and one, making  
bold,  
Demanded the cause of his evident grief:  
"Alas!" said the sufferer, "I've got a bad cold  
And I find I've forgotten my handkerchief."

## TWO SCENES IN A LIFE.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## CHAPTER I.

## SCENE I.

Two young men were sitting in one of a suite  
of very handsomely-furnished apartments in  
Jermyn street.

It was the commencement of the London  
"season;" that is to say, the month of April,  
and about half-past seven o'clock in the even-  
ing. The companions, having just finished a  
luxurious meal, were lazily sipping their after-  
dinner wine.

Take a glance at them. The first—Philip  
Ritson—was a handsome, but austere-looking  
man, of about eight-and-twenty, with exceed-  
ingly brilliant black eyes and a deep olive com-  
plexion. The expression of his features was  
melancholy, and, together with his somewhat  
weird beauty, reminded one irresistibly at times  
of a fallen angel.

The second young man—Henry (or, as his  
friends called him, Harry) Annesley—was of an  
entirely different style. He was about twenty-  
five, tall and well-knit, and had the blue-grey  
eyes, curling brown hair, and white teeth of a  
thorough Saxon. Both young men possessed  
ample and independent incomes.

The dining-parlor in which they sat (the  
chambers were young Annesley's) was well, but  
not meretriciously furnished. All its appoint-  
ments were in excellent taste. There were none  
of those showy, but indecent French prints  
which disfigure the walls of so many young  
men's chambers. There was not a solitary  
popular dancer, a prize-fighter, nor even a  
Derby winner. In their place were a few water-  
color landscapes; two portraits—the one by Sir  
Joshua Reynolds, the other by Greuze; a  
country-scene by Gainsborough, and one or  
two of Sir Edwin Landseer's gems of animal  
life. A stand or two of Capeheaths and Camellia-  
japonicas occupied the windows; and dispersed  
about the room were a few white marble sta-  
tuettes, including models of Hiram Power's  
"Greek Slave," a Wyatt, a Gibson, and a Ben-  
venuto Cellini.

There was a small fire in the grate, for the  
season was chilly, and Ritson sat with his boots  
on the marble chimney-piece, moodily looking  
into the embers, and puffing at a choice Ha-  
vanna. Annesley, on the other hand, was not  
smoking, but abstractedly twisting his watch-  
chain, and regarding his friend at intervals  
with a somewhat puzzled expression on his  
comely, good-humored face.

"What! all in the downs, old man?" he said  
at length. "Fill your glass. Here you are;  
white wine and red; Amontillado sherry, white  
Hermitage, Château Lafitte, Clos Vougeot, Bra-  
mouton, all of the best brands! Come; what  
are you moping about?"

"My wife!" said the other, abruptly.  
"Your wife! Good gracious!" and the sun-  
nured Harry Annesley relapsed into thought-  
ful silence. He was too delicate and well-bred  
to push the matter further.

"Ha!" exclaimed Ritson, with a harsh laugh.  
"So you didn't know I was married, old boy?  
Few people do. I have hugged my chains in  
secret." "Old story of the Spartan boy and fox,  
you know?" Then he took from his pocket one  
of a beautiful little brace of pistols, which he  
always carried with him.

Harry Annesley moved uneasily in his chair.  
"I wish you would give up that fashion of car-  
rying fire-arms, Phil," he said; "it is so  
thoroughly un-English."

"May be so," said Ritson; "but I'm half a  
Neapolitan, you know. I passed half my life in  
Naples; my mother was a Neapolitan; and, he

added, defiantly, "I married a Neapolitan girl."

Annesley looked up, involuntarily.

"Yes," continued Ritson; "and Rita was as  
beautiful as the night in a robe of stars. You  
know Byron's lines, 'She walks in beauty, like  
the night,' &c. Those lines exactly describe  
Rita."

"Is she dead?" asked Annesley, breathlessly.

"Dead! No. Would she were!"

"My dear fellow!" remonstrated Harry An-  
nesley.

"Ah! it's very well to say that," returned  
Ritson, gloomily. "But you don't know what  
it is to have a beautiful wife made love to by a  
parcel of fellows: I couldn't stand it; and so—  
so, she left me."

"You don't mean to say?" interrupted An-  
nesley.

"That there was anything positively wrong?"  
said Ritson, sharply. "No; I don't mean to  
say that. My perpetual jealousy wore her out,  
and she left me—alone, I believe. Yes; I think  
Rita is stainless."

"Ah!"

"Incompatibility of temper," I suppose the  
judge of a Divorce Court would term our ground  
of separation," continued Philip Ritson, with a  
bitter sneer. "I have nothing to say against  
my wife's morality. I don't allow her a penny,  
for the very simple reason that I don't know  
where she is. From the day she left me, in  
Florence, nearly two years ago, I have never  
heard a syllable of her."

"Advertise," said Annesley, briefly.

"To what purpose? She would not return,  
even if I wished it; and I don't. I can't live  
with a woman who courts admiration from  
every man who approaches her—who is a born  
coquette, as most Southern women are. I should  
end by murdering her! No! Better as it is!"

Annesley, who immediately came to the con-  
clusion that his friend's mind was diseased from  
causeless jealousy—that he was a monomaniac  
on this point, in fact—thought it best to drop  
the subject. He said, soothingly, "Well, my  
dear Phil, we'll hope that 'all will be well that  
ends well,' and that I shall yet live to see you  
a happy Benedict, not to say a paterfamilias."

Ritson shook his head, and tapped his foot  
impatiently on the thick-piled Turkey carpet,  
but said nothing.

"So, now," continued Annesley, smilingly, "as  
it's night, or nearly so, let us stroll down the  
central avenue of Covent Garden, buy a bouquet,  
and then on to the Opera House, to assist at the  
début of the new singer; that was our programme,  
you know. Come, stir your stumps, and light  
another cigar."

Ritson's face brightened momentarily. If he  
had a passion besides that for his absent wife,  
it was for music. So he rose with some alacrity,  
lighted another cigar, and drank off the remains  
of his glass of Clos Vougeot. Then this strange  
man examined his little pair of pistols.

"By Jove!" thought Harry Annesley, "I really  
must coax him out of that nonsense, or one of  
these days he will be doing some one a mis-  
chief, in one of his sombre fits. Upon my  
word, he looks at times like Mephistopheles, or  
Cagliostro, or the Stranger, or some of those  
mysterious worthies." Then he said aloud,  
"My dear Phil, do be persuaded to lay aside  
those nasty little barkers."

"So far from being nasty, they are exquisite-  
ly beautiful," said Ritson, coolly.

They certainly were so; for, though small,  
they were of choice workmanship, and splen-  
didly ornamented and mounted.

"With a bullet scarcely larger than a pea,"  
continued Ritson, "I could kill a man at seventy  
paces." He smiled sardonically.

"Good heavens! my dear fellow, don't look  
like that!" exclaimed Annesley. "One would  
fancy that you were going to fight a duel, ra-  
ther than to witness the début of a beautiful and  
accomplished actress."

"How do you know that she is beautiful and  
accomplished?"

"Oh, pooh! all opera-singers—that is, lady  
opera-singers—are supposed to be beautiful and  
accomplished. Besides, have we not heard of this  
Mademoiselle Ritorcelli, up-hill and down-  
dale, for the last month? Haven't we been  
inundated with extracts from continental news-  
papers, chronicling her triumphant successes  
before half the crowned heads of Europe?—*vide*  
posters."

Ritson quietly returned his pistols to a small  
belt concealed beneath his waistcoat: "I am  
ready," he said, with a smile—actually a smile.  
"But Phil, really now," remonstrated An-  
nesley, "if one of those little pistol should go  
off, accidentally? Fellows don't go to the  
Opera, nowadays, in this melodramatic, brigand-  
ish fashion."

Ritson quickly resealed himself: "Very  
good," he said, coolly; "as you please; if you  
don't choose to accompany me, I can go alone."

"I'd better humor him," thought Annesley;  
"it's a mania, certainly, and not a pleasant one;  
but I daresay no harm will come of it. No one  
will know of it, if only those little brutes of  
poppers don't go off of their own accord, as ar-  
ticles of that sort have an unpleasant habit of  
doing." So he took his friend's arm, and said,  
"Well, come along, old boy: I'm glad at least  
you have uncorked those abominations; so I  
suppose I must indulge your whim, and refrain  
from handing you over to the police when we  
reach Bow street."

The young men strolled out, arm-in-arm, and  
crossing the Hay-market, and St. Martin's Lane,  
turned into the central avenue of Covent Gar-  
den Market.

Every one knows what that delicious lounge  
is in the London season. The most beautiful  
of floral productions delight the eye; the most

delicious perfumes, from both fruits and flowers,  
assail the senses. Groups of superb bouquets,  
of camellias, azaleas, myosotis, violets, orange-  
flowers and geraniums, tastefully arranged in  
colored glasses, give to the arcade the appear-  
ance of one vast conservatory. Rhododendrons,  
azaleas, and flowering shrubs at the western  
entrance to the avenue, form a floral screen-  
work to the treasures within. There we have  
colossal pines, leviathan grapes, and Broddig-  
nagian peaches; there are a few strawberries,  
in small "cornichons," marked at fabulous  
prices. Tamarinds and bananas from the West  
Indies lie side-by-side with the shaddock and  
the guava. Shelled peas, almost worth their  
weight in gold, are flanked by baskets of snowy  
sea-kale and pink-tipped asparagus: punnets  
of early potatoes nestle close to foamy-headed  
cauliflowers; and small bundles of French beans  
(containing each some fifteen pods, and marked  
"Only 4s. the bundle,") combine to make up a  
show of luxury, to obtain which the four quar-  
ters of the globe have paid tribute, and to con-  
stitute the attractions of a promenade in which  
Lucullus himself might have taken delight.

Ritson and young Annesley stopped at Solo-  
mon's to purchase a superb bouquet (Harry  
remarking that it was the duty of the *jeunesse*  
*dorée* of England to encourage a foreigner and a  
*débutante*), and proceeding to the Covent Garden  
Opera House, took their seats in their stalls—  
both young men being regular subscribers.

The beautiful horse-shoe-shaped theatre was  
already crowded to repletion with as much of  
the rank, fashion, beauty, and wealth of the  
metropolis as could by any possibility be  
crammed into it. Silks rustled, velvets and  
satins shimmered, diamonds glittered, and fea-  
thers waved. The atmosphere was almost op-  
pressive with the scent of the costly bouquets  
and the still more powerful perfumes used by  
the fair owners of them. There were collected  
all the celebrities of the bar, the senate, the  
army and navy, the leaders of fashion. The  
millionaire *parvenu* was side-by-side with the  
noble of a hundred descents. The very essence  
of the intellectual, territorial, and monied  
powers of the mightiest capital in the world  
was collected within the walls of that splendid  
temple of the lyric drama. An eager, yet sub-  
dued buzz of anticipation pervaded the house.  
To the *habitués* of the Opera, who have to wit-  
ness the same rôles, filled by the same singers,  
season after season, the *début* of an artiste with  
a great continental reputation, but as yet un-  
heard in this country, is always pregnant with  
interest.

The opera was "Lucrezia Borgia;" the part  
of the haughty, but meretricious Grand Duchess  
of Ferrara being, of course, played by the  
*débutante*. It is needless to describe the  
phases of this operative rôle. Scenes similar  
have been so often described in print that they  
become stale by repetition. Mademoiselle Ritor-  
celli met with the usual indulgent reception ac-  
cording to a prima donna; but as her genius  
made itself felt by the house, the enthusiasm  
rose with each succeeding scene until, when the  
guilty Duchess (after discovering her latest lover  
to be no other than her own son) sinks beneath  
the weight of her remorse, it culminated in a  
storm of applause, a shower of bouquets, and  
the customary calls and recalls before the cur-  
tain. It was like one of the ovals always  
awarded to the incomparable Grisi.

Before the actress, laden with her floral tro-  
phies, had made her final courtesy to the  
audience, Harry Annesley turned to his com-  
panion. "A splendid performance!" he re-  
marked.

But he was astonished at the deadly pallor  
which had overspread the features of his friend,  
who with one hand clutched convulsively the  
arm of his stall, and with the other crushed the  
bouquet he had brought for the new singer,  
until its costly petals showered, bruised and  
broken to the ground.

"Are you ill, Phillip?" inquired young An-  
nesley.

"Let us go!" said Ritson, in a hoarse voice.  
"Let us go round to the stage-door. Come!"  
And he rose.

"To the stage-door!" exclaimed Harry. "What  
for? Besides, I want to see the ballet."

But Ritson had already almost reached the  
last of the row of stalls; and Annesley, with some  
curiosity, a little vexation, and still more anxiety,  
mechanically followed him.

There was a small crowd, collected round the  
stage-door, to see the new opera-singer depart.  
Her carriage was already in waiting.

Presently a slight stir was heard, and Made-  
moiselle Ritorcelli, escorted by the manager,  
made her appearance. Annesley felt his friend  
tremble violently. The steps of the carriage  
were rapidly let down by the footman, and the  
prima donna's foot was actually on them, when  
there was a flash, and exclamation, and the sud-  
den report of a pistol; and the actress sank back,  
fainting, in the arms of the manager.

"Seize him! seize the murderer!" cried the  
excited crowd. And a dozen gentlemen rushed  
forward to secure Ritson, for it was he who had  
fired one of his little pistols. But he slipped  
from the grasp of his would-be custodians, and  
fell forward heavily on the pavement.

All this while Harry Annesley stood like one  
paralysed, and in speechless horror.

A surgeon in the crowd was meanwhile  
anxiously examining the insensible opera-singer.  
"She is not dead," he said: "only in a swoon;  
her arm is broken—nothing more."

A faint cheer arose at this as the actress was  
lifted into her carriage, accompanied by the sur-  
geon, who had spoken, and driven rapidly away.

Then the crowd rapidly turned their attention  
to the unfortunate Philip Ritson, the would-be

assassin; and he was raised from the pavement.  
There was no need to give him into custody  
now. The sudden exit from a heated theatre  
into the chill night air, acting on an excited and  
diseased brain, had produced apoplexy.  
Philip Ritson was dead.

## SCENE II.

The affair was a nine days' wonder, of course;  
especially when it was known that the new  
prima donna was not in reality Mademoiselle  
Ritorcelli, but Mrs. Ritson, and that her own  
husband had attempted her assassination.

Then Mrs. Ritson retired from the stage (she  
had already realised a fair income by her efforts  
on the Continent); and the recollection of the  
tragedy died out of the minds of the ever-chang-  
ing public, to give way to some newer sensa-  
tion.

Four or five months had elapsed, and it was  
the close of an unusually sultry August. All  
London was, of course, to use a conventional  
phrase, "out of town;" and, amongst others,  
Henry Annesley. He was on a fishing excu-  
sion in the midland counties, the banks of the  
lovely little river Dove being his temporary  
resting-place.

The weather, as remarked, was unusually  
sultry; too much so, in fact, for either grayling  
or trout to rise well; but Annesley was in-  
defatigable at his sport, and was out early and  
late. His friend's sudden death had been a  
shock to him; but youth is buoyant, and speedily  
shakes off melancholy impressions. Besides,  
Philip Ritson and Henry Annesley had not been  
dear friends. Their regard was not of that sort  
which lasts a lifetime, and which, once lost,  
cannot be replaced. It was rather the mutual  
liking of young men thrown together, by the  
force of circumstances, in the daily whirlpool of  
London life.

It was a magnificent afternoon. There was  
not a ripple on the little river, not a cloud in  
the blue sky, not a rustle of grass or fern. The  
Dove trickled its way gently through the boul-  
ders which here and there oppose its course, and  
which form so prominent and picturesque a  
feature in the scenery of this river. To fish,  
with such a bright sun glaring on the water,  
was simply impossible. So Annesley lay quietly,  
at his full length, in the shadow of some huge  
boulders, half hidden in fern and grass, and oc-  
cupied himself with the perusal of a small  
volume of Victor Hugo's he chanced to have in  
his pocket.

At this point of the river it had collected itself  
into two or three calm, still, dark-looking pools,  
as it frequently does, on its onward progress.  
The boulders which intercepted the river's  
course formed a sort of natural dam or weir,  
through which small rivulets trickled down,  
and, falling with a pleasant, murmurous gurgle,  
again joined the main stream.

It was as peaceful and picturesque a spot as  
is to be found in the whole of Derbyshire; and  
Annesley, who had all the elements of a true  
poet in his nature, thoroughly enjoyed the con-  
templation of it. The book he was reading was  
not, it is true, calculated to induce a placid state  
of mind. It was the famous work, "Les Tra-  
vailleurs de la Mer," by the greatest of French  
romance writers; and the part of it to which  
Annesley had come was the horrible chapter  
describing Gilliatt's struggle with the sea-  
monster, the "Medusa" of naturalists; and his  
discovery of the skeleton of Clavin, a victim to  
the same horrible vampire. Annesley shud-  
dered as he read; and at last, throwing aside  
the volume, looked impatiently at the sky.  
"Not a cloud," he muttered; "but a good two  
hours before the trout will begin to rise.  
Heigho!" Then he arose, and looked round  
him.

At a distance of a little less than a quarter of a  
mile he observed two ladies following the course  
of the river, and advancing in his direction.  
They had been sketching, but, apparently, find-  
ing the work too arduous under so hot a sun,  
had taken up their camp-stools, and were saun-  
tering along the river-bank. There is nothing  
especially remarkable in the fact of lady-  
tourists sketching on the banks of so beautiful  
a river. But yet young Harry Annesley—he  
knew not why—watched their progress in his  
direction with more than common interest. As  
they approached sufficiently close for him to  
discriminate between them, he perceived the  
younger, but taller of the two, was habited in  
widow's weeds, whilst her companion—much  
older, and of a short, squat, matronly figure—  
appeared to be a sort of duenna; possibly an  
elderly aunt, or other female relative. The  
good lady probably had a *penchant* for botany,  
for she was rather excitedly pointing out to her  
companion an aquatic plant, which the younger  
was vainly endeavoring to reach with the carved  
handle of her parasol.

Harry Annesley advanced, of course, as any  
gentleman would on such an occasion. "Can I  
be of any service to you, ladies?" he inquired,  
politely raising his hat as he spoke. The  
younger lady looked up at the sound of his low,  
melodious voice, and regarded his flushed and  
handsome face with evident interest. The elder  
lady was profuse in her thanks.

Annesley's pulse throbbed, and his heart beat  
quicker; for in that momentary glance of the  
lady in the widow's garb he had at once re-  
cognised the fascinating *ci-devant* opera-singer,  
Mademoiselle Ritorcelli, otherwise Mrs. Ritson.  
Too seldom had she been out of the young  
man's thoughts since the night of the eventful  
tragedy at the stage-door of Covent Garden  
Theatre.



Mrs. Ritson, of course, could not on her part recognise young Annesley; as it will be remembered that immediately after her husband had endeavored to take her life she had become insensible. Thus she said quite calmly and unembarrassed, "I certainly should be obliged to you, sir, if you could reach me that small yellow flower—the one beside that small boulder, with a blossom like a star."

"It is the 'Stellaria—um—thing-a-my-bob'—I forget the Latin name, for the moment," cried the old lady, excitedly—"and very rare indeed. I have no specimen in my collection. Oh, take care, sir!" she added, as Annesley bent forward.

She might well caution the young man, for the bank was here somewhat precipitous, and overhung one of those dark deep pools (the lurking-place of the leviathan trout) before spoken of. Anxious to oblige Mrs. Ritson, Annesley had somewhat overreached himself and slipped. As he fell, the late Opera-singer instinctively clutched at his coat, as one involuntarily does, when one sees a fellow-creature in danger. But the impetus of the young man's body, suddenly thrown forward, was such that he not only fell violently into the pool, but in his descent dragged Mrs. Ritson with him, whilst the old lady on the bank stood uselessly shrieking and waving her parasol, after the manner of old ladies unexpectedly frightened or confused.

For a moment, the two forms were seen struggling in the water, and then Annesley appeared above the surface, holding Mrs. Ritson by the hair of her head (always the safest way to rescue a drowning person). The lady, on her part, showed wonderful self-possession and presence of mind, never endeavoring to struggle or to scream out. She thus allowed the young man to tow her, as it were, to the bank; where, by the aid of the elder lady (who had by this time recovered her equanimity, for she was really a woman of excellent sense and strong nerves, but had been momentarily panic-stricken), the pair managed to scramble up the boulders, none the worse save for a drenching, which, beneath a hot August sun, was not a matter of very serious moment.

There was no time for sentiment; it was necessary that the young lady should at once proceed home, to change her clothing. There had, in truth, been no imminent danger, for young Annesley was an expert swimmer. Of course, however, if the lady had impeded him by struggling, fatal results might have ensued. As it was, there was more than sufficient reason for an introduction, which the young widow briefly made as follows:

"I am Mrs. Ritson—and this is Mrs. Brand, a lady who is kind enough to do me the honor of living with me as my friend and companion. We are staying for a month at the 'Silver Grayling,' in the village yonder, and only arrived this morning. I cannot express my thanks to you now, as you see, but we shall be delighted to see you at breakfast to-morrow morning, at ten."

Before Annesley could do more than bow in acknowledgment, Mrs. Brand and Mrs. Ritson had turned, and were walking rapidly homeward. He had not even introduced himself.

"The 'Silver Grayling'—how very strange!" muttered the young man. "And only arrived this morning. The very house in which I am staying!"

It was, in fact, a curious coincidence. Harry Annesley had left the inn at sunrise, as was his wont, he being an ardent angler, and thinking nothing of spending an entire day at his favorite pursuit. Trout rise at the fly most eagerly in the early morning and at sundown. Thus the young man had set out from the "Silver Grayling" some hours before Mrs. Ritson's travelling carriage had driven up to it.

Not many young men of twenty-five would fail to keep an appointment with a young and pretty widow—more especially when already half in love with the fair inviter; therefore, that Harry Annesley was ushered by the landlord of the "Silver Grayling," at the appointed time next morning, into the suite of apartments occupied by Mrs. Brand and Mrs. Ritson may be taken for granted. A first interview, under such circumstances, must to some extent be embarrassing; and great was Mrs. Ritson's astonishment, when she had drawn from young Annesley (for he was much too well-bred to have alluded to the subject of his own accord), that he was so well acquainted with her late husband, and with a portion of her own history.

The landlord of the "Silver Grayling" had done all that he could for the honor of his hostelry. "He knew how to tend on them as were quality," he said, with an air of importance, to his wife. "He hadn't lived twenty years butler with Lord Kicklebanks for naught—not he." Accordingly, there was a choice little breakfast of boiled trout and grayling, grilled grouse, a cold blackcock, the inevitable ham and eggs, home-made bread, tea, coffee, and even chocolate; and there was a basket of apricots, and another of Orleans plums, on which the partner of the worthy Boniface specially prided herself; availing, with some truth, that "wall-fruit were na so common, in that part of the country." To crown all, there was a small wicker flask of exquisite Maraschino; for the landlord's long service with Lord Kicklebanks had told him what a *chasse-café* meant.

This choice little meal having been disposed of, it was natural that the conversation should turn on the accident of the day before. There was, however, but little said on the subject; for Mrs. Ritson having made her acknowledgements, and Annesley having laughingly made light of his service, there was no more to be said. He even added, that he ought to apologise, as it was

he who, through his clumsiness, had in his fall dragged Mrs. Ritson into the river.

There are some persons with whom we instinctively feel that the experience of a lifetime would never set us at ease. There is, so to speak, a hidden and antagonistic element in their natures, which will not coalesce with our own. Oil and water cannot amalgamate. But there are others whom our soul flies out to meet. We feel, after a day's acquaintance, as if we had known them all our lives; nay, we can scarcely realise that there was ever a time when we did not know and love them. This is what metaphysicians call "animal magnetism." But we suppose that all engaged lovers have experienced this blissful feeling, and felt also the utter impossibility of believing that there was ever a time when they were unacquainted with each other.

Such was undoubtedly the case with Annesley and Mrs. Ritson before a week had elapsed since their first interview. If you would judge the widow harshly for again thinking of matrimony at so early a period of her widowhood, you must bear in mind that she had not loved her first husband. She had married him partly out of compassion for his fierce devotion to herself, and partly under that involuntary influence which a passionate and determined nature (such as that of Ritson) will often exercise over that of a woman of romantic and poetical temperament. We have numberless instances of this in real life, as in fiction. Novelists are aware of the fact, when they make their delicate, sylph-like heroines fall violently in love with stern, rugged heroes of the brigand type. Byron knew it when he wrote the "Corsair."

Honorita Ritson must therefore be pardoned if, after a loveless marriage, she was a little too ready to fall in love when for the first time in her life she met her ideal, and, moreover, when that ideal was so evidently in love with herself. What woman whose heart was disengaged could long remain insensible to the advances of such a man as Harry Annesley? Handsome, amiable, wealthy, winning, accomplished, and the heir to an earldom (at his uncle's death) there were combined in this attractive young man all the attributes that the heart of the most exacting and fastidious woman could possibly require.

So the weeks stole on, and the month during which Mrs. Ritson had told Annesley that she and her friend, Mrs. Brand, were to stay at the "Silver Grayling" had long since passed. August had given way to September, September to October, and November was fast hastening to December, before the lovers became conscious that a move homewards must be made. Mrs. Brand had for some time been complaining of rheumatic twinges, and had expressed her decided opinion that the banks of a river afforded a scarcely desirable residence in the month of November. But lovers are proverbially selfish, and the old lady's hints met with but little attention. The fishing season had passed, but still Annesley lingered on; there was this excursion to be planned, and that curiosity to be inspected; there were plants to be gathered and arranged, and minerals to be collected. And on almost all these occasions Mrs. Brand was compelled to play the part of propriety; till the poor old lady wished, in her wrath, that the river Dove had never had an existence, and had serious thoughts of requesting Mrs. Ritson to provide herself with another companion. "But there, she's done that already, or I'm much mistaken," sighed the old lady. "It's easy to see, she won't want me long!"

But the old lady's forebodings were not realised; for when Mrs. Ritson announced to her that at the expiration of her year of widowhood she should give her hand to Annesley, she at the same time requested that Mrs. Brand would continue to reside with them; an offer which that worthy lady gratefully accepted.

It was the evening prior to the departure of the comfortable little party from the "Silver Grayling." The trio were gathered together in Mrs. Ritson's sitting-room. Candles were unlighted, but the curtains were drawn, and a cheerful fire burned on the hearth. The tea equipage stood ready on the round table, and Mrs. Brand—good soul!—overcome by the soporific influences of the hour, had fallen asleep over her knitting. A warm glow pervaded the apartment, although the candles were unlit. Lovers delight in the firelight; they have so many tender little nothings to whisper to each other, that lose half their charm when spoken under an illumination from wax-candles or a "moderator" lamp.

The engaged couple sat side by side on the sofa, and Mrs. Ritson had just concluded telling her betrothed husband the history of her life.

It was a painful one; for Honorita L., left an orphan at an early age, had been confined to the care of a parsimonious and peevish-tempered aunt, who, looking upon the young girl as an expensive encumbrance, had done her best to make her miserable, and thus predisposed to escape from such thralldom by means of the first matrimonial chance that offered itself. In this state of mind, Honorita first met with young Philip Ritson, then making a continental tour, and for a few days resident at Naples. The Englishman fell over head and ears in love with the beautiful Neapolitan girl; and she, flattered by the attentions of a rich and handsome young fellow, saw in his passion a ready means of escaping from the tyranny of her aunt. There was nothing to prevent the marriage. Rita was well-born, the daughter of a Neapolitan merchant, who had, however, died poor, on account of the treacherous defalcations of his partner in business. Against Signor L.'s own honor there was no breath of suspicion. As

for Honorita, her sole inheritance (and that was from her mother) was an exquisite soprano voice.

So Philip Ritson and Honorita were married: with what result, we already know. The lady, wearied out by her husband's groundless jealousy, left him, and adopted the stage as a profession.

"You now know, dearest," she said, in conclusion, to Annesley, "every secret of my life. You witnessed that most terrible act of it at the stage-door of Covent Garden."

"Yes, my darling!" returned the young man. "But the curtain has fallen on that act: it now rises on the final one. Forget the past, dearest Rita, as you would a fantastic dream. And let us hope—as we will pray—that with heaven's blessing, the second act of your life's drama shall wipe out the painful memory of the first."

### THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

Poised in a sheeny mist  
Of the dust of bloom,  
Clasped to the poppy's breast and kissed,  
Baptized in violet perfume  
From foot to plume!

Zephyr loves thy wings  
Above all lovable things,  
And brings them gifts with rapturous murmurings:

Thine is the golden reach of blooming hours,  
Spirit of flowers!

Music follows thee,  
And, continually,  
Thy life is changed and sweetened happily,  
Having no more than rose-leaf shade of gloom,  
O bird of bloom!

Thou art a winged thought  
Of tropical hours,  
With all the tropic's rare bloom-splendor fraught.

Surcharged with beauty's indefinable powers,  
Angel of flowers!

### THE LOSER WINS!

On a bright spring morning a few years ago, my regiment marched out of Colchester *en route* for Ireland, where we had been ordered to the unspeakable disgust of the youngsters, who looked upon duty in the Sister Isle as foreign service. The sadness with which we marched out of our pleasant quarters was deepened into profound melancholy by many days' marching from Dublin to our new station, and we took over our barracks with heavy hearts.

However, after six months' residence our feelings had undergone considerable change; half the regiment was at out-stations within easy distance of head-quarters, where our band played twice a week, bringing together to croquet fights and afternoon tea the surrounding families, who returned our small attentions with boundless hospitality. Six months' dinner parties, croquet parties, riding parties, cricket matches, and picnics, had done their work but too effectually, for the mess casualties showed two captains married, and three subalterns engaged.

The captain of my troop, Frank Egremont, was an easy-going fellow as any in Her Majesty's service; so, freed from the constraints of head-quarters, our duties were confined to morning parade. We left stable duty to the special supervision of Providence and the sergeant-major, and at one p. m., when the unfortunates at head-quarters were confined to the stables, learning to hate everything in the shape of a trooper, we were generally to be found driving through the village to some scene of festivity.

Our station, Ballywilliam, was a curiously dirty village, in an undulating grass country, studded with comfortable farmhouses, and some large domains and residences. The country was well wooded; the fields of that emerald green so seldom seen out of moist Ireland, where Nature paints her most beautiful landscapes in water colors, and the sky line broken by a serrated mountain range that supplied a background leaving nothing to be desired.

A bird's-eye view of the country showed Ballywilliam set in the midst, like a refuse heap in a garden. A salmon river flowed by the barracks, and, in winter, hounds met four days a week within easy distance. The people of the neighborhood were hospitable; fishing and shooting without end were freely given us; so Egremont and I were fain to confess that our good fortune had drifted us into a capital station.

"Where away to-day, Jack?" asked Egremont one morning, as we sat smoking after parade in the room that did duty as a mess-room.

"I think I shall fish the Grangemore waters," I replied.

A shadow passed over Egremont's open face as I spoke; he made no further remark, but immersed himself in the Field.

The Meredyths of Grangemore were our staunchest allies. A week after our arrival, Mr. Meredyth had called upon us; in a month a friendship had sprung up, and ere the summer had well come an alliance offensive and defensive was completed between the barracks and

Grangemore. Need I say the attraction that drew us there almost daily was not Mr. Meredyth, with his genial bonhomie, nor yet Mrs. Meredyth, who as the organiser of every social amusement won all hearts? Nor yet the sons of the house—one home from India, the other devoting his talents to the destruction of the various animals, birds, and fishes, the killing of which comes under the head of "sport." No, I may as well confess at once—there was a daughter, and such a daughter! Of Adela Meredyth I shall not give an analytical description; she was dark, and, as even the ladies allowed, very beautiful, with a nameless grace in every movement of her beautiful figure; a heaven of lustre in her dark eyes, and that charming insouciance that makes an Irish girl so fatal to the unwary, especially to an Englishman, accustomed to the more staid coldness of our English ladies. Her Majesty's Twenty-ninth Hussars went down before her charms without a shadow of resistance. Ere the September gold had clothed the corn-fields, I was hopelessly in love, and as hopelessly despairing, for I saw that Egremont had also struck his flag to the Grangemore queen. A universal favorite, rich, handsome, and gifted, he was everything a woman could desire. I dared not hope, with him for a rival, and saw with all the pain that jealous pangs could inflict, that while often silent and constrained with me, with him Adela Meredyth was always gay and charming.

Half an hour after my announcement to Egremont found me walking along the river bank towards Grangemore, ostensibly to fish, but in reality to enjoy, moth-like, the light of her presence. As I walked along, for the twentieth time I determined to "do or die," and to learn my fate if opportunity offered. Irresistibly passionate appeals shaped themselves in my brain; my spirit had already flown forward to Grangemore, asked the eventual question, been accepted, and revelled in a long life of romantic bliss, while my poor deserted body was unconsciously doing its four miles an hour along the well-known path. Having in spirit been married for years, and gone the round of almost every earthly amusement, I was, I think, in the act of accepting a brilliant offer for my daughter, when my castle in the air was shattered.

"Halloo, Jack, where are you going?"

"Good morning, Mr. Brandon."

There they sat, Tom Meredyth, and Adela herself lazily basking on the cool river bank, where I joined them.

"Well, Jack, so I hear you are going to ride French's Chanticleer at the Crossbane races next Monday?"

"Yes, I hope to."

"It's a nasty course; have you seen it?"

"No. I am afraid a close inspection might develop my bump of caution too much. I shall walk over it before the race, on Monday."

"You will require to steady Chanticleer at his fences. You remember, Adela, what an awful cropper he gave French in the run from here last winter; he loses his head when other horses are galloping beside him."

"I hear Captain Egremont is going to ride also," said Adela.

The first remark she had made since I joined them! Jealousy and I had a sharp dialogue over the fact of her thinking of Egremont, and the conclusion was not a peasant one.

"Yes," answered Tom, "and, I think, to win. I know nothing in the race to beat Warhawk at the weight, if he stands up, of which there is but little doubt, for he is a perfect fencer. Come, Adela," he added, "let's have a bet about the two horses; you shall have your choice, for half a dozen pair of gloves."

"Which shall I take, Mr. Brandon?"

"Whichever you prefer," I answered, with what I meant for a killing look of entreaty to show some preference for my mount.

"Then, I think I shall take Warhawk," she said, with an air of unconscious innocence, most aggravating to a man in my state of mind.

"It's no use spending the day here," said Tom, as he jumped up. "I mean to seduce the wily trout from his shady retreat." And he left us.

At last we were alone, the long-wished-for opportunity had arrived, and I determined to seize it this time. But the question was how to commence? Should I plunge into the business, in medias res, and say at once, "Miss Meredyth I love you?" or ought I lead the conversation delicately to the subject, and when I had prepared her mind for the reception of the intelligence, declare that, without her, life would be insupportable? The first plan would be too abrupt, and as for the second, all capability of framing thought in language suddenly left me; my brain refused to act; I was dimly conscious of an everwhirling desire to say something, but the immensity of my desire refused to be trammelled in the narrow bounds of language. I could only feel like a pleading criminal, and look like a fool.

She was simply irresistible as she sat, picking a honeysuckle to pieces in the bright sunlight, and presented as beautiful a picture as ever crowned the combined efforts of nature and art. Armed with the prettiest and most becoming summer dress, the thinnest and sauciest little boots, a soft white silk kerchief tied loosely and carelessly round her beautiful neck, and a hat, for the fabrication of which, as a dangerous man-trap, the creating milliner deserved incarceration for life; her cheeks suffused by a soft blush; her lips slightly parted, and her soft dark downcast eyes, she was charming.

At last, I made an effort; and succeeded in breaking the silence.

"What a lovely day it is."

(Concluded in our next.)



## GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYESEN.

## PART III.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The umpires of the race were the judge and his neighbor, Atle Henjum. The runners were numbered, first the gardmen's sons, beginning with Lars Henjum, then the housemen's sons. The prize should belong to him who could go over the track the greatest number of times without falling; grace in running and independence of the staff were also to be taken into consideration. "All ready, boys!" cried the judge; and the racers buttoned their jackets up to the neck, pulled their fur-brimmed caps down over their ears, and climbed up through the deep snow to the crest of the hill. Having reached it, they looked quite small from the place where the spectators were standing; for the hillside was nearly four hundred feet high, and so steep that its white surface, when seen from a distance, appeared very nearly like a perpendicular wall. The forest stood tall and grave in the moonshine, with its dark outline on both sides marking the skee-track; there were, at proper intervals, four high "jumps," in which it would take more than ordinarily strong legs to keep their footing. When all preparations were finished, the judge pulled out his watch and notebook, tied his red silk handkerchief to the end of his cane, and waved it thrice. Then something dark was seen gliding down over the glittering field of snow; the nearer it came, the swifter it ran; now it touched the ground, now again it seemed to shoot through the air, like an arrow sent forth from a well-stretched bow-string. In the twinkling of an eye it was past and nearly out of sight down in the valley. "That was Gunnar," whispered Ragnhild in Gudrun's ear (for of course they were both there). "No one can run the track like him." "No, it was Lars," replied Gudrun; "he is number one on the list."

"Hurrah! Well done!" cried the judge, turning to Atle Henjum. "Heaven be praised, we have men in the valley yet! Truly, I half feared that the lad might not be found who could keep his footing in my neck-breaking track."

"The old Viking blood is not quite extinct yet," remarked Atle, with dignity; for it was Lars who had opened the contest. Now one after another tried; but some fell in the first, some in the second jump,\* and single skees and broken staves shooting down the track told the spectators of the failures. Some discouraged by the ill luck of the most renowned runners in the parish, gave up without trying. At last there was but one left, and that was Gunnar Henjum. All stood waiting for him with breathless interest, for upon him depended the issue of the race. Something like a drifting cloud was seen far up between the snow-hooded pine-trees. As it came nearer the shape of a man could be distinguished in the drift.

"O Ragnhild, you squeeze me so dreadfully," cried Gudrun in a subdued voice; but Ragnhild heard nothing. "Ragnhild, please, Ragnhild, I can hardly breathe." A chill gust of wind swept by, and blew the cold snow into their faces. Ragnhild drew a long breath. A mighty hurrah rang from mountain to mountain. The judge shook his head; he did not know who had deserved the prize. Gunnar came marching up the hillside, all covered with snow, and looking like a wandering snow-image; his skees he had flung over his shoulders. All the young people flocked round him with cheers and greetings. He was very hot and flushed, and his eyes looked eagerly around, as if seeking something; they met Ragnhild's triumphant smile which sufficiently assured him that she was happy with him in his victory. But there were other eyes also that were watching Ragnhild; and suddenly, struck with Lars's dark, ill-boding glance, she blushed and quickly turned away.

"Would you object to another race, boys?" asked the judge, addressing the two combatants.

"No!" cried they both in the same breath. "Gunnar will have to run first," added Lars; "my skee-band is broken, so I shall have to go and cut a new one." Gunnar declared himself willing to run first, and again climbed the hill.

"It is fearfully hot here," whispered Ragnhild to her cousin; "come, let us walk up along the track."

"Hot, Ragnhild?" And Gudrun looked extremely puzzled.

"Yes, come." Near the last great jump Ragnhild stopped, and leaned against a mighty fir, whose long, drooping branches, with their sparkling, frost-silvered needles, formed a kind of cage around them. Gudrun sat down in the snow, and looked up along the track. "There he is!" whispered she, eagerly. The girls were just stepping forward, from behind the tree, when Ragnhild discovered the shape of a man on the other side, and in the same moment saw a large pine-branch gliding across the track a few rods above the jumps. There was no time

\* A fence, wood-pile, or any other elevation of the ground is made into a jump by filling up the space on its upper side with snow, so the skee may slide over it. On the lower side a good deal of the snow is generally taken away. Thus the skee runner, coming in full speed down the hill, shoots into the air; and it takes a good deal of skill and practice under such circumstances to come down on the feet without allowing the skees to lose their balance.

to think. "O Lars!" shrieked she, and with an almost supernatural power she hurled the branch over against the man. Again a snow-cloud blustered, and swept by. The man gazed aghast before him, and, as if struck by lightning, fell backwards to the ground,—for it was Lars. There he lay for a long while; but when the girls were ought of sight, he lifted his head warily, cast a furtive glance over to the great fir, and, rising to his feet, sneaked down towards the crowd. Another hurrah struck his ear; he hesitated for a moment, then turned slowly round and walked back into the woods.

That night there was searching and asking for Lars far and wide; but Lars was not to be found; and when the judge grew tired of waiting, the prize was awarded to Gunnar.

When the umpires and the young lads and maidens had betaken themselves to the dancing-hall, and the alehorns were already passing round, there were still two remaining in the forest. The one was sitting in the snow, with her fair young face buried in her hands; the moonshine fell full upon her golden stream of hair; it was Ragnhild, and Gudrun's tearful eyes looked lovingly and pityingly on her.

"O Ragnhild, Ragnhild!" sobbed Gudrun, no longer able to master her emotion, "why did you never tell me? And I, who never thought it possible! If you could only have trusted in me, Ragnhild; for I do love you so much." And Gudrun knelt in the snow, threw her arms round her neck, and wept with her. Thus they sat, weeping their sorrow away, while the moon looked down on them in wonder.

"O dear how foolish I am!" sighed Gudrun, as she rose, and shook the snow from her skirts. "Come, Ragnhild, let us go: it is too cold for you to be sitting here." The other wiped the tears from her eyes, and they both set out for the court-hall, where the dance was soon to begin. "Do you think anybody will notice that I have cried?" asked Ragnhild, rubbing her cheeks and eyes with her apron, anxious to efface the marks of the treacherous tears.

"O, no, dear!" said Gudrun, taking a handful of snow and applying it to her eyes, which, however, did not produce the desired effect. Slowly they walked down the steep hill towards the court-hall, whence they could already hear the alluring strain of the violins. They had both too much to think of, therefore the walk was a silent one. Only now and then Gudrun would draw her arm still more tightly round Ragnhild's waist, and Ragnhild would answer with a warm, speaking look.

"Ragnhild, halloo!" The girls stopped and looked doubtfully at each other, as if each one expected the other to answer; for they well knew that the voice was Gunnar's.

"Gudrun, halloo!" came the shout again, and stronger than before; it struck the border of the forest, rebounded again, and came sailing down toward them. "Shall I answer?" whispered Gudrun.

"Yes—O no, don't." But the counter-order either came late or was not heard; Gudrun had already answered.

"Halloo!" cried she, and a wanton echo played with her voice, tossed it against the mountain-side, and caught it again. Another call; and in the light of the moon they saw Gunnar's tall figure coming up the hill on his skees. With a long staff he pushed himself forward. Soon he was at their side. "Well met, girls!" cried he, gayly, as he jumped off his skees and extended one hand to each of them. "I was half afraid that Lars had already dragged you home, since I could not find you anywhere."

Here, suddenly struck with the grave expression of their countenances, and perhaps also discovering the marks of recent tears, he paused and looked wonderingly at them. Ragnhild had a feeling that she ought to speak, but somehow or other both voice and words failed her. Then she raised her eyes and met his wondering gaze. "Ragnhild," said he, warmly, walking right up to her, "what has happened?"

"I am very glad you slid so well to-day, Gunnar," said she, evading the question.

"Are you, truly?"

"Yes," softly. How happy that word made him! Another pause; for that assurance was sweet to rest on. "The track was steep," remarked she after a while.

"So it was."

"I wonder you did not fall."

"Fall! O Ragnhild, I could slide down the steepest mountain-side, if only you would stand by and look at me." Something drove the blood to her cheek; he saw it and his courage grew; there came new fervor and manly reliance into his own voice. "I don't know why, Ragnhild, but whenever your eyes rest on me, I feel myself so strong,—so strong."

They were near the court-yard; the noise of the fiddles and the merriment within rose above his voice. Three men on skees came out from the yard and approached them. "Hurrah, boys! here we have the prize-racer," cried one of them. "Ah, fair Ragnhild of Rimul! You are racing for a high prize there, Gunnar Henjum!" "Doubt if you will win in that race, Gunnar Houseman's son," shouted another. "The track is steep from Henjumel to Rimul," said the third; "the river flows swift between."

The three men had passed. It was long before any one spoke. "How cold it is!" said Gudrun, and shivered; and they all shivered. A stealthy frost had crept between them. It froze Gunnar's courage, it froze Ragnhild's life-hope. A houseman's son! On this day of his victory, so young and so strong, and still only a houseman's son! They were at the door of the court-hall. He looked for Ragnhild, but she was gone. She also had left him. Well, he was no-

thing but a houseman's son, and she the richest heiress in the valley. She herself knew that too, of course. The river flows deep between Henjumel and Rimul. The music from within came over him, wild and exciting; and suddenly seized by the wildness of the tones, he threw his head back, sprang forward, and bounded into the hall. The crowd made way for him as he came! up he leaped again, grazed with his heel a beam in the ceiling,\* and came firmly down on his feet in the centre of the dancing throng. The people rushed aside and formed a close ring around him. The men gave vent to their feeling in loud shouts of approbation, and the girls looked on in breathless admiration.

"A leap worthy of a Norseman!" said one of the old men, when the noise had subsided.

"O yes," cried Gunnar, with a defiant laugh, "worthy of a Norseman, worthy of even — a houseman's son! Ha, ha, ha! strike up a tune, and that a right lusty one." The music struck up, he swung about on his heel, caught the girl who stood nearest him round the waist, and whirled away with her, while her hair flew round her. Suddenly he stopped and gazed right into her face, and who should it be but Ragnhild. She begged and tried to release herself from his arm, but he lifted her from the floor, made another leap, and danced away, so that the floor shook under them.

"Gunnar, Gunnar," whispered she, "please Gunnar, let me go." He heard nothing. "Gunnar," begged she again, now already half surrendering, "only think, what would mother say if she were here?" But now she also began to feel the spell of the dance. The walls, the roof, and the people began to circle round her in a strange, bewildering dance; in one moment the music seemed to be winging its way to her from an unfathomable depth in an inconceivable, measureless distance, and in the next it was roaring and booming in her ears with the rush and din of an infinite cataract of tone. Unconsciously her feet moved to its measure, her heart beat to it, and she forgot her scruples, her fear, and everything but him in the bliss of the dance. For those Hulder-like tones of the Hardanger violin never fail to strike a responsive chord in the heart of a Norse woman. Gunnar knew how to tread the springing dance, and no one would deny him the rank of the first dancer in the valley. Those who had been on the floor when he began had retired to give place to him. Some climbed upon the tables and benches along the walls, in order to see better. And that was a dance worth seeing. So at least the old men thought, for louder grew their shouts, at every daring leap; and so the girls thought too, for there was hardly one of them who did not wish herself in the happy Ragnhild's place.

After the music had ceased, it was some time before Ragnhild fully recovered her senses; she still clung fast to Gunnar's arm, the floor seemed to be heaving and sinking under her, and the space was filled with a vague, distant hum. "Come, let us go out," said he, "fresh night air will do you good." The night was clear as the day, the moon and the stars glittered over the wide fields of snow, and the aurora borealis flashed in endless variations. A cold rush of air struck against them, and with every breath he inhaled new strength and courage. Still the whirling bliss of the dance throbbed in his veins, and he felt as if lifted above himself. And Ragnhild it was who walked there at his side, — Ragnhild herself, fairer than thought or dream could paint her. It was Ragnhild's hand he held so close in his. And was it not she who had been the hope, the life, and the soul of these many aimless years? When he spoke, how he spoke he knew not, but speak he did.

"Ragnhild," said he, warmly, "you know, — that—Ragnhild, you know I always liked you very much." She let her eyes fall, blushed, but made no answer. "Ragnhild, you know that I always—always—loved you. Do you not, Ragnhild?"

"Yes, Gunnar, I do know it."

"Then, Ragnhild, tell me only that you love me too. There is nothing, no, I am sure there can be nothing in all the world, which I could not do, if I only knew that you loved me. Then, all those pictures which I feel within me would come out into light; for they all came from you. Ragnhild, say that you love me."

"Gunnar, you have been dear to me—ever—

ever—since I can remember," whispered she, hardly audibly, and struggling with her tears. There lay a world of light before him.

Not far from the court-hall, down toward the fjord, stood two huge fir-trees. They both had tall, naked trunks, and thick, bushy heads, and they looked so much alike that people called them the twin firs. It was the saying, also, that lovers often met there. Between the trees was nailed a rough piece of plank to sit on. Here they stopped and sat down. He laid his arm round her waist, and drew her close up to him; she leaned her head on his breast. Then he turned his eyes upward to the dark crowns of the trees, and seemed lost in a stream of thought. The moonlight only shimmered through, for the foliage was very thick. Neither spoke, they felt no need of words. Silence is the truest language of bliss. And she, also, looked up into the heavy, moon-fretted mass overhead, wondering what his thoughts might be.

"What a queer shape that tree has!" ex-

\* Among the peasantry in Norway, it is considered a test of great strength and manliness to kick the beam in a ceiling and come down without falling. Boys commence very early practising, and often acquire great skill in this particular branch of gymnastics. He is regarded as a weakling who cannot kick his own height.

claimed she; "it looks like a huge Troll with three heads."

Then a light flashed upon him, and in a moment his whole past life lay before him, from the days of the saddle "Fox," and his grandmother's stories, to this night. "O Ragnhild," said he, looking longingly into her dewy eyes, "at last I have found my beautiful princess!" And that thought made him suddenly so glad that before he knew it he kissed her. For a moment she looked startled, almost frightened; but as her eyes again rested in his her face brightened into a happy, trustful smile. Now their thoughts and their words wandered to the past and to the future.

It was a happy, happy hour.

Gudrun had hardly been a minute off the floor, from the time she came inside the door. Thus it was some time before she was aware of Ragnhild's absence. But, when there came a pause in the dance, and the time had arrived for the *stev*, she searched all over the house for her cousin, but without success. Soon she discovered that Gunnar also was gone; for everybody was asking for him. He was wanted to open the *stev*, as he had a fine voice, and a good head for rhyming. Then seized with fearful apprehensions, she rushed out of the hall, and down the road, toward the fjord. She would probably have taken no notice of the twin firs, if Ragnhild had not seen her and called her.

"Why, Ragnhild," cried Gudrun, breathless with fear and running, "how you have frightened me! I could not imagine what had become of you. Everybody is asking for you. They want Gunnar to open the *stev*."

They all hurried back to the hall. Gudrun might well wish to ask questions, but she dared not; for she felt the truth, but was afraid of it. They could not help seeing, when they entered the hall, that many curious glances were directed toward them. But this rather roused in both a spirit of defiance. Therefore, when Gunnar was requested to begin the *stev*, he chose Ragnhild for his partner, and she accepted. True, he was a houseman's son, but he was not afraid. There was a giggling and a whispering all round, as hand in hand they stepped out on the floor. Young and old, lads and maidens, thronged eagerly about them. Had she not been so happy, perhaps she would not have been so fair. But, as she stood there, in the warm flush of the torch-light, with her rich, blond hair waving down over her shoulders, and with that veiled brightness in her eyes, her beauty sprang upon you like a sudden wonder, and her presence was inspiration. And Gunnar saw her; she loved him; what cared he for all the world beside? Proudly he raised his head and sang:

Gunnar. There standeth a birch in the light-  
some lea,  
Ragnhild. In the lightsome lea;  
Gunnar. So fair she stands in the sunlight  
free,  
Ragnhild. In the sunlight free;  
Both. So fair she stands in the sunlight  
free.  
Ragnhild. High up on the mountain there  
standeth a pine,  
Gunnar. There standeth a pine;  
Ragnhild. So stanchly grown and so tall and  
fine,—  
Gunnar. So tall and fine;  
Both. So stanchly grown and so tall and  
fine.  
Gunnar. A maiden I know as fair as the day,  
As fair as the day;  
Ragnhild. She shines like the birch in the sun-  
light's play,  
Both. In the sunlight's play;  
She shines like the birch in the sun-  
light's play.  
Ragnhild. I know a lad in the spring's glad  
light,  
Gunnar. In the spring's glad light;  
Ragnhild. Far-seen as the pine on the moun-  
tain-height,  
Gunnar. On the mountain-height;  
Both. Far-seen as the pine on the moun-  
tain-height.  
Gunnar. So bright and blue are the starry  
skies,  
Ragnhild. The starry skies;  
Gunnar. But brighter and bluer that maiden's  
eyes,  
Ragnhild. That maiden's eyes;  
Both. But brighter and bluer that maiden's  
eyes.  
Ragnhild. And his have a depth like the fjord,  
I know,  
Gunnar. The fjord, I know;  
Ragnhild. Wherein the heavens their beauty  
show,  
Gunnar. Their beauty show;  
Both. Wherein the heavens their beauty  
show.  
Gunnar. The birds each morn seek the forest-  
glade,  
Ragnhild. The forest-glade;  
Gunnar. So flock my thoughts to that lily  
maid,  
Ragnhild. That lily maid;  
Both. So flock my thoughts to that lily  
maid,  
Ragnhild. The moss it clingeth so fast to the  
stone,  
Gunnar. So fast to the stone;  
Ragnhild. So clingeth my soul to him alone,  
Gunnar. To him alone;  
Both. So clingeth my soul to him alone.  
Gunnar. Each brook sings its song, but for-  
ever the same,  
Ragnhild. Forever the same;



Gunnar. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name,  
 Ragnhild. That maiden's name;  
 Both. Forever my heart beats that maiden's name.

Ragnhild. The plover hath an only tone,  
 Gunnar. An only tone;  
 Ragnhild. My life hath its love, and its love alone,  
 Gunnar. Its love alone;  
 Both. My life hath its love, and its love alone.

Gunnar. The rivers all to the fjord they go,  
 Ragnhild. To the fjord they go;  
 Gunnar. So may our lives then together flow,  
 Ragnhild. Together flow;  
 Both. O, may our lives then together flow!

Here Gunnar stopped, made a leap toward Ragnhild, caught her round the waist, and again danced off with her, while a storm of voices joined in the last refrain, and loud shouts of admiration followed them. For this was a stave that was good for something; long time it was since so fine a stave had been heard on this side the mountains. Soon the dance became general, and lasted till after midnight. Then the sleigh-bells and the stamping of hoofs from without reminded the merry guests that night was waning. There stood the well-known swanshaped sleigh from Henjum, and the man on the box was Atle himself. Ragnhild and Gudrun were hurried into it, the whip cracked, and the sleigh shot down over the star-illuminated fields of snow.

The splendor of the night was almost dazzling as Gunnar came out from the crowded hall and again stood under the open sky. A host of struggling thoughts and sensations thronged upon him. He was happy, oh, so happy! at least, he tried to persuade himself that he was, but, strange to say, he did not fully succeed. Was it not toward this day his yearnings had pointed, and about which his hopes had been clustering from year to year, ever since he had been old enough to know what yearning was? Was it not this day which had been beckoning him from afar, and had shed light upon his way like a star, and had he not followed its guidance as faithfully and as trustingly as those wise men of old? "Folly and nonsense," muttered he, "the night breeds nightly thoughts!" With an effort he again brought Ragnhild's image before his mind, jumped upon his skis, and darted down over the glittering snow. It bore him toward the fjord. A sharp, chill wind swept up the hillside, and rushed against him. "Houseman's son," cried the wind. Onward he hastened. "Houseman's son," howled the wind after him. Soon he reached the fjord, hurried on up toward the river-mouth, and, coming to the Henjum boat-house, stopped, and walked out to the end of the pier, which stretched from the headland some twenty to thirty feet out into the water. The fjord lay sombre and restless before him. There was evidently a storm raging in the ocean, for the tide was unusually high, and the sky was darkening from the west eastward. The mountain peaks stood there, stern and lofty as ever, with their heads wrapped in hoods of cloud. Gunnar sat down at the outer edge of the pier, with his feet hanging listlessly over the water, which, in slow and monotonous plashing, beat against the timbers. Far out in the distance he could hear the breakers roar among the rocky reefs; first, the long, booming roll, then the slowly waning moan, and the great hush, in which the billows pause to listen to themselves. It is the heavy, deep-drawn breath of the ocean. It was cold, but Gunnar hardly felt it.

He again stepped into his skis and followed the narrow road, as it wound its way from the fjord up along the river. Down near the mouth, between Henjum and Rimul, the river was frozen, and could be crossed on the ice. Up at Henjumel it was too swift to freeze. It was near daylight when he reached the cottage. How small and poor it looked! Never had he seen it so before;—very different from Rimul. And how dark and narrow it was, all around it! At Rimul they had always sunshine. Truly, the track is steep from Henjumel to Rimul: the river runs deep between.

(To be continued.)

## ROMANCE OF AN OLD BUREAU.

In the summer of 1867, after a prolonged course of Russian steppes, Crimean hill-sides, Moscow churches, St. Petersburg boulevards, Finnish lakes, and Swedish forests, I found myself at Berlin, and during the first week of my stay was busy from dawn to dusk in exhausting, with the systematic industry of the genuine British tourist, the "sights" of that methodical city, which Mr. Murray's "Koran" in red binding, politely defines as "an oasis of brick amid a Sahara of dust," and in studying all the minutiae of that pipe-clayed civilization which appears to advance, like the national army, in time to the music of the "Pas de Charge."

Just as my lionizing fever was beginning to abate, a slight service, rendered in a pouring wet day in the park, brought me into closer relations with a pleasant-looking elderly German, who had frequently crossed my rambles, and more than once halted to exchange a few words with me in the frank, open-hearted fashion of the hospitable Teutonic race. Our acquaintance, however, was still in embryo,

when, on the day of which I am speaking, the old man, having taken shelter under a thinly foliaged tree, was in a fair way to be thoroughly drenched, I came to the rescue with my umbrella. Observing that he had got wet through before gaining his impromptu refuge, I insisted upon taking him to my lodgings (which were close at hand), and dry him thoroughly before I let him go; his own residence, as I found on inquiry, being at a considerable distance. The old man's gratitude knew no bounds, and next morning he reappeared with a hospitable smile upon his broad face, announcing that he had told "his folk" of my kindness to him, that his "Hausfrau" and his "kleine Gretchen" wished to thank me themselves; that, in short, I must come and eat tea-cakes with them that very evening, and smoke a German pipe afterwards, which Herr Holzmänn, in common with the majority of his countrymen, regarded as the acme of human felicity. In order to secure himself against any evasion, he added, with a resolute air, that, as I might possibly lose my way, he would come and fetch me himself.

Punctual as death or a collector of water-rates, Herr Heinrich Holzmänn presented himself at the time appointed, and marched me off in triumph to a neat, comfortable-looking little house on the southern side of the town, with a small garden in front of it. The garden was of the invariable German type; the same trim little flower-beds, accurate as regiments on parade; the same broad gravel walk, laid out with mathematical regularity; the same trellis-work summer-house festooned with creepers at the further end, and the same small table in the centre of it, and mounted by a corpulent teapot of truly domestic proportions, presided over in this case by two female figures, who, on our approach, came forward to greet us, and are introduced to me by my host as his wife and daughter.

Frau Holzmänn (or, as her husband call her, Lieschen\*) is a buxom, motherly, active-looking woman, apparently about fifty years of age, with that snug fireside expression (suggestive of hot tea-cakes and well-aired sheets) characteristic of the well-to-do-German matron; but a close observer may detect on that broad, smooth forehead, in those round, rosy cheeks, the faint but indelible impress of former trials and sufferings; and through the ring of her voice, full and cheery though it is, runs an undertone of melancholy that would seem to tell of a time in the far distant past when such sadness was only too habitual. The daughter, Margarethe—or Gretchen, as her parents call her—who may be about eighteen, is one of those plump, melting damsels, with china-blue eyes and treacle-colored hair, who never appear without a miniature of Schiller on their neck, and a paper of prunes in their pocket, and who, after flowing on for a whole evening in a slow, steady, canal-like current of sentiment, will sup upon sucking pig and apricot jam with an appetite of which Dando, the oyster eater, might have been justly proud. Both welcome me with true German cordiality, and overwhelm me with thanks for my courtesy to the head of the family, reproaching him at the same time for bringing me in before they have completed their preparations, and made everything comfortable for me; to give time for which little operation, Herr Heinrich marches me into a trim little dining-room opening upon the garden, and thrusts me into an easy-chair and a pair of easy slippers, while I take a hasty survey of the chamber into which I have been thus suddenly ushered.

It is one of those snug, cosy little rooms, spotless in cleanliness and faultless in comfort, immortalized by Washington Irving in his description of the Dutch settlements in North America. The floor is polished like a mirror; the tasteful green and white paper (which looks delightfully fresh this sultry weather) seems as fresh as the day it was put on; while the broad, well-stuffed sofa, which takes up nearly one whole side of the room, seems just made for the brawny beam-ends of some portly German burgher, or the restless roily-pooly limbs of his half-dozen big babies. Above the chimney-piece, along which stands the usual china shepherdesses, "Presents from Dresden," and busts of Goethe and Schiller, hangs a staring, highly colored medley of fire, smoke, blue and white uniforms, rearing horses and overturned cannon, which some crabbéd Teutonic letters beneath it proclaim to be "Die Schlacht bei Konnigartz, 3 Juli, 1866;" while facing it from above the sofa is a rather neatly done water-color likeness of a chubby, fair-haired lad, in an infantry uniform, whom I rightly guess to be host's soldier son Wilhelm (a household word in his father's mouth), now on garrison duty at Spandau.

But the object which especially attracts my attention is a tall, grim bureau of dark oak, in the further corner beyond the fire-place, decorated with those quaint old German carvings which carry one back to the streets of Nuremberg and the house of Albrecht Dürer. There stand Adam and Eve, in all their untrammelled freedom, shoulder to shoulder, like officers in the centre of a hollow square, with all the beasts of the earth formed in close order around them, and the tree of knowledge standing up like a sign-post in the rear. There the huge frame of Goliath, smitten by the fatal stone, reels over like a falling tower, threatening to crush into powder the swarm of diminutive Philistines who hop about in the background. There appear the chosen twelve, with faces curiously individualized, in spite of all the roughness of

the carving, and passing through every gradation, from the soft, womanly features of the beloved disciples to the bearded, low-bred, ruffianly visage of him "which also was the traitor." And there the persecutor Saul, not yet transformed into Paul the Apostle (sheathed in steel from top to toe, armed with a sabre that might have suited Bluebeard himself, and attended by a squadron of troopers armed cap-a-pie), rides at full gallop past the gate of Damascus on his errand of destruction.

"The bureau must be a very old one," remarked I, tentatively.

"It is indeed; but that's not why we value it," answers the old man, with kindling eyes. "That bureau is the most precious thing we have; and there's a story attached to it which will never be forgotten in our family, I'll answer for it. I'll tell you the story one of these days, but not to-night, for we mustn't spoil our pleasant evening by any sad recollections. And here, in good time, comes Lieschen to tell us that tea's ready."

I will not tantalize my readers with a catalogue of the good cheer which heaped the table; suffice it to say, the meal was one that would have tempted the most "notorious evil liver" that ever returned incurable from Calcutta, and seasoned with a heartiness of welcome which would have made far poorer fare acceptable. Fresh from reminiscences of "Hermann and Dorothea," I could almost have imagined myself in the midst of that finest domestic group of the great German artist. The hearty old landlord of the Golden Lion, and his "Kluge ver standige Hausfrau," were before me to the life; the blue-eyed Madchen, who loaded my plate with tea-cakes, might, with the addition of a little dignity, have made a very passable Dorothea; while "brother Wilhelm," had he been there, would have represented my ideal Hermann quite fairly. Nor was the "friendly chat" wanting to complete the picture. The old man, warming with the presence of a new listener, launched into countless stories of his soldier son, who, young as he was, had already smelt powder on more than one hard fought field, during the first short fever of the seven weeks' war. Frau Lisbeth, who was an actual mine of those quaint old legends which are nowhere more perfect than in Germany, poured forth a series of tales which would have made the fortune of any "Christmas Number" in Britain; while the young lady, though rather shy at first, shook off her bashfulness by degrees, and asked a thousand questions respecting the strange regions which I had recently quitted: the sandy wastes of the Volga, and the voiceless solitudes of the Don—relics of former glory which still cling around ancient Kazan—wicker-work shanties inhabited by brawling Cossacks and Crimean caverns tenanted by Tartar peasants—battered Kertch and ruined Sebastopol—Odessa, with her seafaring boulevard, and sacked Kiev, with her dim catacombs and diadem of gilded towers—the barbaric splendor of ancient Moscow, and the imperial beauty of queenly Stockholm. It was late in the evening before I departed, which I was not allowed to do without promising once and again not to be long of returning.

And I kept my word; for the quiet happiness of this little circle, so simple and so open-hearted, was a real treat to a restless gad-about like myself. Before the month was at an end I had strolled around the town with Herr Holzmänn a dozen times; I had partaken fully as often of Frau Lisbeth's inexhaustible tea-cakes; I had presented Fraulein Margarethe, on the morning of her eighteenth birthday, with a pair of Russian ear-drops, accompanying my gift (as any one in my place might well have done) by a resounding kiss on both cheeks, which the plump little Madchen received as frankly as it was given. But the relentless divinity of the scythe and scalp-lock, who proverbially waits for no man, at length put a period to my stay in Berlin; and one evening, a few days before my departure, I reminded Herr Heinrich of his promise to tell me the history of the old bureau which had attracted my attention. The old man, nothing loath, settled himself snugly in the ample corner of the sofa, fixed his eyes upon the quaint old piece of furniture which formed the theme of his discourse, and began as follows:—

"You must know, then, mein Herr, that in the year '52 business began to rather fall off with me (I was a cabinet-maker, you remember), and from bad it came to worse, until I thought something should really be done to put matters to rights. Now just about this time all manner of stories were beginning to go about of the high wages paid to foreign workmen in Russia, and the heaps of money that sundry Germans who had gone there from Breslau and Königsberg and elsewhere were making in St. Petersburg and Moscow. And so I pondered and pondered over all these tales, and the plight I was in, till at last I began to think of going and trying my luck as well as the rest. My wife and I talked it over, and settled that it should be done; and we were just getting ready to start, when one night a message came that my old uncle, Ludwig Holzmänn, of the Friedrich-Strasse (who had taken offence at my marriage, and never looked near me since), was dying, and wanted to see me immediately. So away I went—my wife wanted to go, too, but I thought she had better not—and when I got there I found the old man lying in a kind of daze, and nobody with him but the doctor and the

pastor, who lived close by. So I sat down to wait till he awoke; and sure enough, in about half an hour, his eyes opened and fell full upon me. He raised himself in bed—I think I see him now, with the lamp-light falling on his old, withered face, making it look just like one of the carvings on the old bureau, which stood at the foot of the bed—and said, in a hoarse whisper, "Hei rich, my lad, I've not forgotten thee, a though the black cat has been between us a bit lately. When I'm dead thou'lt have that bureau yonder; there's more in it than thou think'st; and he sank back with a sort of choking laugh that twisted his face horribly. Those were his last words, for after that he fell into a kind of slumber and died the same night."

"When his property came to be divided, every one was surprised, for they had all thought him much richer. I got the bureau, just as he said; and, remembering his words about it, we ransacked all the drawers from end to end, but found nothing except two or three old letters and a roll of tobacco; so we made up our minds that he must have either been wandering a little, or else that—God forgive him—he had wanted to play us one more trick before he died. In a few weeks more all was ready for our going, and away we went to St. Petersburg."

"When we got there, we found it not at all such a land of promise as the stories made it out; but still there were good wages for those who could work; and for the first year or two we got on well enough. But after a time, in came a lot of French fellows, with new-fangled tricks of carving that pleased the Russian gentry more than our plain German fashions; and trade began to get slack and money to run short. Ah! mein Herr, may you never feel what it is to find yourself sinking lower and lower, work as hard as you like, and one trouble coming on you after another, till it seems as if God had forgotten you."

The old hero's voice quivered with emotion, and an unwonted tremor disturbed the placid countenance of his wife, while even the sunny face of the little Fraulein looked strangely sad.

"Well, mein Herr, we struggled on in this way for two years longer, hoping always that our luck would turn, and putting the best face we could on it; though many a time when the children came to ask me why I never brought them pretty things now, as I used to do at home, I could almost have sat down and cried. At last the time came when we could stand against it no longer. There was a money-lender close by us, from whom we had borrowed at higher interest than we could afford, who was harder upon us than any one (may it not be laid to his charge hereafter!), and he, when he saw that we were getting behind in our payments, seized our furniture, and announced a sale of it by auction. I remember the night before the sale as if it were yesterday. My boy Wilhelm was very ill just then, and no one knew whether he would live or die; and when my wife and I sat by his bed that night, and looked at each other and thought of what was to come, I really thought my heart would have broken. Ah! my Lisbeth, we have indeed been in trouble together."

As he uttered the last words, the old man clasped fervently the broad, brown hand of his wife, who returned the pressure with interest, and, after a slight pause, he resumed thus:

"On the morning of the sale a good many people assembled, and among the rest came the district inspector of police. He was a kind man in his way, and had given me several little jobs to do when I first came over; but he was not very rich himself, and nobody could blame him for not helping us; when he had his own family to think of. However, I've no doubt he came to our sale in perfect good faith, meaning to give the best price he could for what he bought. Well, in he came, and the first thing that caught his eye was the old bureau, which stood in a corner of the room. It seemed to take his fancy, and he went across to have a nearer view of it. He began trying the grain of the wood—drawing his nail across one part, rapping another with his knuckles—till all at once I saw him stop short, bend his head down as if listening, and give another rap against the back of the bureau. His face lighted up suddenly, as if he had just found out something he wanted to know; and he beckoned me to him. 'Do you know whether this bureau has a secret spring anywhere about?' asked he; 'for the back seems to be hollow.' I said I had never noticed anything of the sort—nor indeed, had I; for, when we found that the drawers were empty, we looked no further. Now, however, he and I began to search in good earnest; and at last the inspector who had plenty of practice in such work since he entered the police, discovered a little iron prong, almost like a rusty nail, sticking up from one of the carved figures. He pressed it, and instantly the whole top of the bureau flew up like the lid of a box, disclosing a deep hollow, in which lay several packets of bank-notes and government shares, about a dozen rouleaux of gold Fredericks, tightly rolled up in cotton, and two or three jewel-cases, filled with valuable rings and bracelets—the whole amounting, as we afterwards calculated, to more than 20,000 Prussian thalers."

"Well, you may think how we felt, saved as we were in the uttermost strait by a kind of miracle; and how we blessed the name of my old uncle, when we saw how truly he had spoken. The inspector (God bless him!) refused to touch a penny of the windfall, saying that he was sufficiently rewarded by seeing so many good people made happy; so we paid our debts, packed up all that we had, and came back to our own folk and our own fatherland, never to leave it again."

\*The main facts of the following story, improbable as they may seem, are literally true, and may be found in the St. Petersburg police reports of the current year.—Foreign Magazine.

\*The German diminution of Elizabeth.



A motion authorizing military execution without the approval of the sentence by the Cortes having been made a Cabinet question and the motion having passed, President Salmeron has resigned, Castelar taking his place. The latter has determined to make a supreme effort to crush the Carlist insurrection, and for that purpose intends calling into service 150,000 men of the army reserve and 500,000 militia.



CARO NOME.

BY KATE HILLARD.

Hold the sea-shell to thine ear,  
And the murmur of the wave  
From its rosy depths mayst hear,  
Like a voice from out the grave  
Calling thro' the night to thee!

Low and soft and far-away,  
From a silent, distant shore,  
Where is neither night nor day,  
Nor the sound of plying oar;  
For all sleep beside that sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,  
For it murmurs evermore  
With a steady, pulsing thrill,  
Of the waves upon the shore,  
And it tells nought else to thee.

Hold my heart up to thine ear,  
And the one beloved name  
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,  
And the song is still the same,—  
'Tis a murmur from the sea!

From the great sea of my love,  
Far-reaching, calm and wide,  
Where nor storms nor tempests move,  
Nor ebbs the constant tide,  
And the waves still sing of thee!

—Scribner's for September.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS. M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER X.

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE, AND A LOVER'S HOPE.

Lucius Davoren's life had taken a new color since that letter which opened the doors of the dismal old house in the Shadrack-road. His existence had now an object nearer to his human heart than even professional success. Dearly as he loved his profession, it is just possible that he loved himself a little better, and this new object, this new hope concerned himself alone. Yet did it not in any manner distract him from his patient labors, from his indefatigable studies, but rather gave him a new incentive to industry. How better could he serve the interests of her whom he loved than by toiling steadily on upon the road which he believed must ultimately lead him to success, and even to fame—that far brighter reward than mere material prosperity?

Mr. Sivewright's condition had in no wise improved. That gradual decay had gone on a long time before the sturdy old man had cared to make his pains and languors known to any human being, much less to a member of that fraternity he affected to despise—the medical profession. All Lucius Davoren's care failed to bring back the vigour that had been wasted. He kept the feeble lamp of life burning, somewhat faintly, and that was all he could do.

For some little time after the surgeon's admission to the house, Mr. Sivewright spent his evenings by the fireside in the parlor downstairs. At Lucius's earnest request he had consented to the purchase of a more luxurious chair than the straight-backed instrument of torture in which he had been accustomed to sit. Here, by the hearth, where a better fire burned than of old—for Lucius insisted that mistaken economy meant death—the *bric-a-brac* dealer sat and talked; talked of his youth, his bargains, his petty triumphs over rival traders, but of that lost wanderer, his son, never.

"There must be something hard in a man's nature when even the approach of death does not soften his heart towards his own flesh and blood," thought Lucius.

There came a time when the old man felt himself altogether too weak to leave his room. The broad shallow steps of the solid old staircase—so easy to the tread of youth and strength—became for him too painful a journey. He only left his bed to sit by the little bit of fire in his own room, or on warmer days by the open window.

This was some time after Lucius Davoren's visit to Stillington, when spring had been succeeded by summer, which in the Shadrack-road district was distinguishable from the other seasons chiefly by an Egyptian plague of flies and an all-pervading atmosphere of dust; also by the shrill cries of costermongers vending cheap lots of gooseberries or periwinkles, and by an adoption of somewhat oriental or *al-fresco* habits among the population, who lounged at their doors, and stood about the streets a good deal in the long warm evenings, while respectable matrons did their domestic needlework seated on their doorsteps, whence they might watch their young barbarians at play in the adjacent gutter.

From this somewhat shabby and ragged out-of-door life on the king's highway, it was a relief for Lucius to enter the calm seclusion of the shadowy old house, where the June sunshine was tempered at midday by half-closed oaken shutters, and where it seemed to the surgeon there was ever a peculiar coolness and freshness, and faint perfume of some simple garden flower unknown elsewhere. In this sultry weather, when the outer world was as one vast oven, that sparsely-furnished parlour with its dark wainscot walls was a place to dream in; the dim old hall with its chaotic treasures saved from the wreck of time, a delicious retreat from the clamor and toil of life. Here Lucius loved to come, and here he was sure of a sweet welcome from her whom he had loved at first sight, and whom familiarity had made daily dearer to him.

Yes, he confessed now that the interest he had felt in Lucille Sivewright from the very first had its root in a deeper feeling than compassion. He was no longer ashamed to own that it was love, and love only, that had made yonder rusty iron gate, by which he had so

He had spoken earnestly, and had pleaded well, but had been unable to read any answer in those truthful eyes, whose every expression he fancied he knew. Those had been persistently averted from him.

"Lucille, why do you turn from me? My dearest, why this discouraging silence? Do my words pain you? I had dared to hope they would not be unwelcome, that you must have guessed that they would come Lucille!" he exclaimed, with passionate entreaty, "you must have known that I loved you, ever so long ago, for I have loved you from the very first."

"You have been very good to me," she said, in a low broken voice.

"Good to you!" he echoed scornfully.

"So good that I have sometimes thought you—liked me a little." (A woman's periphrasis; feminine lips hardly dare utter that mighty word "love.") "But if it is really so—which seems almost too much for me to believe" (if he could but have seen the proud happy look in her eyes as she said that!)—"I can only beg you never to say any more about it—until—"

"Until what, Lucille?" impatiently. He had



"OUR FATHER."

often lingered, longing and sad, seem to him as the door of paradise.

One evening, after the old man had taken to his room up-stairs, and Lucille had been sorrowful and anxious, and had seemed in peculiar need of consolation, the old, old story was told once more under the pale stars of evening, as these two wandered about that patch of dusty sward above which the old cedars stretched their shrunken branches, and cast their grim shadows on the shadowy grass. The wharf with its black barges lay before them; beyond, a forest of roofs, and attic windows, and tall factory chimneys, and distant spars of mighty merchantmen faintly visible against the pale-gray sky. Not a romantic spot, or a scene calculated to inspire the souls of lovers, by any means. Yet Lucius was every whit as eloquent as he would have been had they wandered on the shores of Lemna, or watched the sun go down from the orange groves of Cintra.

The girl heard him in profound silence. They had come to a pause in their desultory wanderings by the decaying ruin of an ancient summer-house, at an angle of the wall close to the wharf—a spot which to the simpler tastes of untravelled citizens in the last century may have seemed eminently picturesque. Lucille sat on the broken bench in a somewhat dejected attitude, her arms resting on a battered old table, her face turned away from Lucius towards the dingy hulls that lay moored upon those muddy waters, unbecomingly as that dark ferry-boat which Dante saw advancing shadowy athwart the "woeful tide of Acheron."

not expected to find hindrance or stumbling block in the way of his happiness here. From the old man there would no doubt be opposition, but surely not here. Had he so grossly deceived himself when he believed his love returned?

"Until my life is changed from what it is now, such a broken life, the merest fragment of a life. How can I think of returning the affection you speak of—you so worthy to be loved—while I am in this miserable state of uncertainty about my father—not knowing if he is living or dead, fortunate or unhappy? I can never give my heart to any one, however noble—with a lingering tenderness which might have told him he was beloved—"until all doubts are cleared upon that one subject. Until then, I belong to my father. At any moment he might appear to claim me; and I am his"—with a passionate emphasis—"his, by the memory of that childhood, when I loved him so dearly. Let him order me to follow him to the other end of the world, and I should go—without one fear, without one regret."

Lucius was silent for some moments, stung to the quick. Was a mere memory, the very shadow of her childhood's affection, so much nearer to her than his deep unselfish love—his love, which might brighten her dull life in the present, and open a fair vista of future happiness—that hopeful active love, which was to make a home for her, and win fame for him in the days to come, always for her sake?

"What, Lucille," he said reproachfully, "you hold my love so lightly that it can count for nothing when weighed against the memory of

a father who deserted you—who has let all the years of your girlhood go by without making the faintest attempt to claim you, or even to see you?"

"How do I know what may have prevented him?" she asked—"what barrier may have stood between him and me? Death perhaps. He did not desert me."

"Was not his sudden departure from your grandfather's house desertion of you?"

"No. He was driven away. I am very sure of that. My grandfather was hard and cruel to him."

"Perhaps. But whatever quarrel may have parted those two, your claim on your father remained. You had not been hard or cruel; yet he left you—tacitly renounced all claim upon you when he left his father's house. I don't want to blame him, Lucille; I don't want to spoil that idealised image which you carry in your heart; but surely it is not for you to sacrifice a very real affection in the present for a vague memory of the past."

"It is not vague. My memory of those days is as vivid as my memory of yesterday—more vivid even. I have but to close my eyes—now, at this very moment while you are talking to me—and I can see my father's face; it is not your voice I hear, but his."

"Infatuation, Lucille," exclaimed the surgeon sadly. "Had you known your father a few years longer, you might have discovered that he was quite unworthy of your love—that fond confiding love of a child's guileless heart, prone to make for itself an idol."

"If I had found him unworthy, I do not believe my love would have altered; I should only have been so much the more sorry for him. Remember, I am used to hear him badly spoken of. My grandfather's bitterest words have never lessened my love for him."

"Granted that your love for him is indestructible, why should it stand between you and me—if I am not quite indifferent to you? Answer me that question first, Lucille; I am too much in earnest to be satisfied with half knowledge. Do you care for me, ever so little?"

She looked round at him for the first time, smiling, yet with tearful eyes—an expression that was half mournful, half arch.

"Ever so little," she repeated. "I might own to that. It does not commit me to much."

"More than a little, then? O, be frank, Lucille! I have shown you all the weakness—or the strength—of my heart."

"I love you very dearly," she said shyly.

She was clasped to his breast before the words were half spoken, the kiss of betrothal pressed upon her trembling lips. She withdrew herself hastily from that first fond embrace.

"You have not heard half that I have to say, Mr. Davoren."

"I will never consent to be Mr. Davoren again."

"I will call you Lucius, then; only you must hear what I have to say. I do love you, very truly," with a warning gesture that stopped any farther demonstration on his part; "I do think you good and brave and noble. I am very proud to know that you care for me. But I can bind myself by no new tie until the mystery of my father's fate has been solved, until I am very sure that he will never claim my love and my obedience."

"If I were to solve that mystery, Lucille—or at least attempt to solve it," said Lucius thoughtfully.

"Ah, if! But you would never think of that! You could not spare time and thought for that; you have your profession."

"Yes, and all my hopes of winning a position which might make you proud of being my wife by and by. It would be a hard thing to forego all those, Lucille—to devote my mind and my life to a perhaps hopeless endeavor. Fondly as I love you, I am not chivalrous enough to say I will shut up my surgery to-morrow and start on the first stage to the Antipodes, or the Japan Islands, or Heaven knows where, in quest of your father. Yet I might do something. If I had but the slightest foundation to work upon I should hardly be afraid of success. I would willingly do anything, anything less than the entire sacrifice of my prospects—which must be your prospects, too, Lucille—to prove how dear you are to me."

"You really would? Ah, if you could find him—if you could reunite us, I should love you so dearly—at least, no," with a little gush of tenderness, "I could not love you better than I do now. But you would make me so happy."

"Then I will try, dearest, try honestly. But if I fail—after earnest endeavor, and at the end of a reasonable period—if I fail in bringing your father to you living, or discovering when and how he died, you will not punish me for my failure. You will be my wife two or three years hence, come what may, Lucille. Give me that hope, sweet one. It will make me strong enough to face all difficulties."

"I love you," she said, in her low, serious voice, putting her little hand into his; and that simple admission he accepted as a promise.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SCOUNDREL.

The weakness and the languor that kept Homer Sivewright a prisoner in his bedroom were not the tokens of a mortal illness. Death kept as yet at a respectful distance. The patient might linger for a year, two years, three years, or longer. There was organic disease, but of a mild type. Lucius was not without hopes of a rally—that a period of perfect repose and quiet might, in some measure, restore the enfeebled



frame—which, gaunt and wasted by sickness, was yet so mighty a skeleton. The man was tough; a creature of strong fibres, and muscles that had once been like iron. Above all, his life had been strictly temperate. Lucius augured well from these facts. The disease would remain always, more or less subject to treatment, but there might be a partial recovery.

"You need not be anxious," he said, when Lucille questioned him about her grandfather with a pale sad face full of fear. "Mr. Sivewright will be a long time dying. Or, in other words, he will fight hard with death. We may keep him alive for some years longer, Lucille, if we take trouble."

"I shall not think anything a trouble. I do not forget how good he has been to me, in his own cold way. But he has seemed so much weaker lately."

"Only because he has at last consented to succumb to nature. He would not before admit, even to himself, that he is an old man. Nature counselled him to rest, but it pleased him better to go on laboring, and, as it were, pretending to be still young. He has given in at last; and Nature, the great restorer, may do much for him, always assisted by careful nursing—and I think you are the best nurse I ever met with, Lucille."

"I have not much experience, but I do my best."

"And your best is better than other people's. You have the soft low voice, the gentle footstep, which make a woman's presence precious in a sick-room. Don't be anxious about your grandfather, dearest. We shall pull him through, rely upon it."

There was that in his protecting tone, the fond look in the grave eyes, which told how secure the lover felt, despite that hard condition wherewith Lucille had hampered the promise of her love. Thus time went on in the dull old house, which to these two was not at all gloomy—which to one at least was full of hope and pleasant thoughts, and bright dreams of a fair life to come.

Propriety, as known in what is called society, had no bondage for these lovers. In their lives there was actually no Mrs. Grundy, not even a next-door neighbor of the maiden lady persuasion to keep count of Mr. Davoren's visits, and to wonder what old Mr. Sivewright meant by allowing such an outrage of the proprieties under his very nose. Lucius came and went as he pleased, stayed as long as he liked, within reasonable limits. He read Shakespeare to Lucille in the summer gloaming; he poured out all the wealth of his mind to her in long conversations that were almost monologues, the girl eager to learn, he eager to teach, or rather to make the woman he loved a sharer in all his thoughts, fancies, creeds and dreams—verily the better and purer half of himself. At other times they wandered about the bare old garden together, or sat in the ruined summer-house; and, happy in that complete and perfect universe which they possessed in each other, forgot that the mud-bespattered wharf was not the Rialto, the slimy water that stagnated beneath the barges something less lovely than the Adriatic sunlit blue.

They talked much of the future, after the manner of lovers. Although they were so completely happy in each other's company, and in that calm security which blesses innocent reciprocal love, this little spot of time, the present, counted for nothing in their scheme of life. It may be said, that they were happy without being aware of their happiness. And this is true of many lives. The one happy hour in the long dull life slips by unawares, like water drops running between one's fingers. And then years after—when, remembering that brief glimpse of paradise, we look back and would fain return to that green spot beside life's long dusty beaten turnpike road—the grass is withered, or the Commons Enclosure Act has swallowed up our pleasant resting-place, or where poetry's fairy palace shone radiant in youth's morning sunlight, there is now only the cold marble of a tomb.

Lucius and Lucille talked of their future—the fame that he was to win, the good that he was to do; noble schemes for the welfare of others, to be realised when fame and wealth were gained; cottage hospitals in pleasant suburban spots, near enough at hand for the sick or worn-out Londoner, and yet with green fields and old trees and song-birds about them; chosen retreats where the country yet lingered; little bits of rustic landscape over which the enterprising builder had not yet spread his lime-whitened paw; meadows whose hawthorn hedges were undefiled by smoke, across whose buttercups and crimson sorrel-flowers no speculative eye had yet ranged with a view to ground rents.

He had various schemes for the improvement of his fellow-creatures' condition—some wholly philanthropic, others scientific. To all Lucille listened with the same eager interest, worshipping him in her loving womanly way, as if he had been as wise as Socrates. After that first confession of her love, wrung from her unwilling lips, there had been no more reserve. She made no mystery of her affection, which was childlike in its simple reverence for those lofty qualities that women are apt to perceive in the object of their regard or ever the rest of the world has awakened to a sense thereof. But she held firmly by the condition that she had imposed on her lover. She would never be his wife, she would begin no new stage of existence, until the mystery of her father's fate had been solved.

The time had now come when Lucius deemed it a point of honor to inform Mr. Sivewright of this engagement, but not of the condition at-

taching thereto. He had not forgotten what the old man had said in the first instance, "My granddaughter is disposed of;" but this he imagined was only an idle threat. Day by day he found himself more necessary to the invalid. Mr. Sivewright looked anxiously for his visits, detained him as long as it was possible for him to stay, would have him come back in the evening to sit for an hour or so in the sick-room, talking or reading the day's news to him; proved himself, in fact, the most exacting of patients. But in all their intercourse he had expressed no dislike to that intimacy between Lucius and Lucille which he must needs have been aware of, since he saw them together daily, and must have been blind if he failed to see that they were something nearer and dearer to each other than common friends.

"He cannot be very much surprised when he hears the truth," thought Lucius, and only deferred his confession until he perceived a marked improvement in his patient.

This arose a little later in the summer, when the old man was able to come down-stairs again, now and then, and even creep about the dreary waste he called his garden.

One evening, in the very spot where he had first told his love to Lucille, Lucius mustered courage and took Mr. Sivewright into his confidence, only reserving that hard condition which Lucille had attached to her promise.

The old man received this communication with a cynical grin.

"Of course," he said, "I have seen it all along. As if one ever could trust a young man and a young woman to play at being brother and sister, without their exchanging that sentimental make believe for the reality of love-making! Well, I am not angry. I told you my granddaughter was disposed of. That was true so far as it went. I had views for her; but they were vague, and hinged upon my own health and vigor. I thought I had a stronger part to play in life's drama. Well," with a faint sigh, "I can afford to resign those old hopes. You may marry Lucille whenever you can afford to keep her in comfort and respectability. Now, my dear Mr. Davoren," turning to the surgeon with a look of infinite cunning in his keen eyes, "I daresay you think you have made a lucky hit—that, in spite of all I have told you, this show of poverty is only a miser's pretence; that I have railway shares and consols and debentures and Heaven knows what in yonder shabby old desk, and that I shall die worth half-a-million. Dismiss that delusion from your mind at once and for ever. If you take Lucille Sivewright for your wife, you take a pauper. My collection is all I possess; and I shall leave that to a museum."

Thus ungraciously did Mr. Sivewright receive Lucius into the bosom of his family. Yet, in his own eccentric fashion, he seemed attached to the young man; courted his society, and had evidently an exalted belief in his honor.

Nothing had Lucius yet done towards even the beginning of that endeavor to which he had pledged himself; but he had thought deeply and constantly of the task that had been imposed upon him, and had tried to see his way to its accomplishment.

Given a man who had been missing twelve years, who in person, profession, and surroundings was utterly unknown to him, and who had cut every tie that bound him to kindred or home; who might be in any quarter of the globe, or in his grave—and how to set about the work of finding him? That was the problem which Lucille had proposed to him as calmly as if it were the simplest thing in the world.

A very little consideration showed him that his only hope lay in beginning the investigation closely home. Unless he could obtain certain details from the old man—unless he could overcome Homer Sivewright's objection to the subject, and induce him to talk freely about his missing son—the case seemed beyond all measure hopeless. And even if the father could be made to speak, even if Lucius could learn all that was to be told of Ferdinand Sivewright's history at the time he left his home in Bond street, there would still be a dreary gulf of twelve years to be bridged over.

To question the old man was, however, the easiest and most obvious course. He might or might not remain obstinately dumb.

One morning, when the patient's case seemed more than usually promising—pains banished, and something of his old strength regained—Lucius made his first approach to this difficult subject.

Their conversation, which was apt to wander widely, from the sordid business of life to the loftiest regions of metaphysical speculation, had on this occasion drifted into a discussion of the Christian faith.

Mr. Sivewright contemplated that mighty theme from a purely critical standpoint; talked of the Gospel as he talked of the *fluid*; admitted this and denied that; brought the hard dry logic of an unpoetical mind, the narrow scepticism of a suspicious nature, to bear upon divine truths. Lucius spoke with the quiet conviction of a man who believed and was not ashamed to stand to his colors. From a theological argument he led the old man to the question of Christian charity, as distinguished from mere Pagan humanitarianism, and here he found his opportunity.

"I have often wondered," he said, "that you—who seem in most things a man of a calm temperament, even if somewhat stern—should yet cherish a lifelong anger against an only son. Forgiving me for touching upon a subject which I know is painful to you—"

"It is not painful," answered Sivewright sharply; "no more painful than if you spoke to me of any scoundrel in the next street whose

face I had never seen. Do you think that hearts are everlasting wear? There was a time when to think of my false, ungrateful guilty son was like the smart of a gun-shot wound. But that was years ago. All the tissues of my body have been changed since he deserted me. Do you suppose that regret and affection and shame, and the sense of kinship, do not wear out as well as flesh and blood? Twelve years ago Homer Sivewright lamented the only son who had disgraced him. I, the man who speaks to you to-day," touching his breast with his lean hand, "have no son."

"A hard saying," replied Lucius compassionately, for there was more real feeling in this man's assumed coldness than in many a loud-spoken and demonstrative grief; "yet I can but believe—unworthy as he may have seemed to you—he still holds a corner in your heart."

A cloud came over the keen eyes, the gray head drooped, but Homer Sivewright made no admission of weakness.

"Seemed unworthy," he repeated, "he was unworthy."

"You have never told me his crime."

"What, are you curious?" he said. "Well, I suppose you have a right to know something of the family you propose to honor with your alliance. Know, then, that the father of your intended wife was a liar and a thief."

Lucius recoiled as if some outrageous insult had been offered to himself.

"I cannot believe—" he began.

"Wait till you have heard the story before you attempt to dispute the facts. You know what my youth was—laborious, self-denying. I married early, but my marriage was a disappointment. I made the somewhat common error of taking a handsome face as a certificate of womanly excellence. My wife was a Spanish American, with a face like an old Italian picture. Unhappily, she had a temper which made her own life a burden, and produced a corresponding effect upon the lives of other people. She had an infinite capacity for discontent. She could be spasmodically gay under the influence of what is called pleasure, but happy never. Had I been monarch of the world, I doubt if I could have ever gratified half her wishes, or charmed the sullen demon in her breast. She rarely desired anything that was not unattainable; judge, then, how she endured the only kind of existence I could offer her."

"I did all in my power to make her life pleasant, or at least tolerable. As my means improved I gave her the command of money; bought birds and flowers for her sitting-room, and furnished it with my choicest burl cabinets, my prettiest Louis-Seize sofa, the spoil of French palaces; but she laughed to scorn my attempts to beautify a home above a shop. Her father—a planter, and when I married her a bankrupt—had once been rich. The days of his prosperity had scarcely outlasted her childhood, but they had lasted long enough to accustom her to habits of recklessness and extravagance which no after experience could eradicate. I soon found that to give her freedom in money matters would be to accomplish my own ruin. From an indulgent husband I became what she called a miserly tyrant. Passive discontent now changed to active aversion; and she began a series of quarrels which, on more than one occasion, ended in her running away from home, and taking refuge with a distant relation of her mother's—a frivolous extravagant widow whom I detested. I followed and brought her back from these flights; but she returned unwillingly, and each occasion widened the breach."

"Our child made no link between us. When the boy grew old enough to take any part in our quarrels, he invariably sided with his mother. Naturally enough, since he was always with her, heard her complaints of my ill-usage, was indulged by her with wanton folly, and gratified with pleasures that were paid for with money stolen from me. Yes, that was the beginning of his unprincipled career. The mother taught her son to plunder my cash-box or my till."

"Very horrible!" said Lucius.

"Even to him, however," continued Mr. Sivewright, who, once drifted into the story of his domestic wrongs, waxed garrulous, "even to him she was violent; and I discovered ere long that there was often ill-blood between them. Taunts, innuendoes, sneers, diversified the sullen calm of our wretched hearth; and one day the boy, Ferdinand, came to me and entreated me to send him to school; he could not endure life with his mother any longer. 'Why, I thought you doated on her,' said I. 'I am fond enough of her,' he answered, 'but I can't stand her temper. You'd better send me to school, father, or something unpleasant may happen. I threw a knife at her after dinner yesterday. You remember what you told me about that Roman fellow whose head you showed me on a coin the other day—the man who murdered his mother. I'm not likely to go in for the business in his cold-blooded way; but if she goes on provoking me as she does sometimes, I may be goaded into stabbing her.'

"He wound up this cool avowal by informing me that he would like to complete his education in Germany. He was at this time about twelve."

"You complied, I suppose?" suggested Lucius. "Not entirely. I wished my son to be an English gentleman. I wanted, if possible, to eradicate the South American element, which had already exhibited itself in violent passions and an inordinate love of pleasure. One talent, and one only, he had displayed to any great extent; and that was a talent, or, as his mother and her few friends declared, a genius for music. From seven years old his chief delight was

scrapping a fiddle or strumming on his mother's piano. Now, for my own part," added Mr. Sivewright candidly, "I hate music."

"And I have loved it," said Lucius thoughtfully. "Yet it is strange that the darkest memories of my life are associated with music."

"I didn't want the son for whom I had toiled, and was willing to go on toiling for the rest of my days, to become a fiddler. I told him as much in the plainest words, and sent him to a private tutor; in that manner beginning an education which was to cost me as much as if I had been a man of wealth and position. I hoped that education might cure the vices of his childhood, and make him a good man. From the tutor he went to Harrow, from Harrow to Oxford, your own college, Balliol. But before this period of his life his mother ran away from me for the last time. I declined to go through the usual business of bringing her home again, but gave her a small allowance and requested her to remain away. She stayed with the South American widow in Thistle-grove; spent her allowance, I fear, chiefly upon brandy, and died in less than a year after she left me. My son went to see her when she was dying; heard her last counsel, which doubtless advised him to hate me; and went back to Harrow, a boy, with the passions of a man."

There was a pause, and once more the old man's chin sunk upon his breast, the cold gray eyes fixed themselves with that far-off gaze which sees the things that are no more. Then rousing himself with an impatient sigh he went on.

"I needn't trouble you with the details of his University life. Enough that he contrived to make it an epitome of the vices. He assented sullenly to adopt a profession—the law; skulked; spent his days and nights in dissipation; wasted my money; and compelled me at last to say, 'Shut up your books, if you have ever opened them. Nature never meant you for a lawyer. But you have all the sharpness of your mother's wily race. Come home, and in my petty business learn the science of commerce. You may be a great merchant by and by.'"

"You must have loved him in those days, or you would have hardly been so lenient," said Lucius.

"Loved him, yes," answered the other, with a long regretful sigh. "I loved him and was proud of him; proud in spite of his vices; proud of his good looks, his cleverness, his plausible tongue—the tongue that lied to me and swindled me. God help me, he was the only thing I had to love! He came home, pretended to take to the business. Never was a man better qualified to prosper in such a trade. He had a keen appreciation of art; was quick at learning the jargon which deludes amateur buyers; and in the business of bargain-driving would have Jewed the veriest Jew alive. But his habits were against anything like sustained industry. It was not till after he had won my confidence, and wheeled me into giving him a partnership, that I discovered how little he had changed his old ways. As he had robbed me before he was twelve years old, so he robbed me now; only as his necessities were larger, I felt his dishonesty more. I saw my stock shrinking, my books doctored. Vainly I tried to battle with an intellect that was stronger than my own. Long after I knew him to be a rogue, he was able to demonstrate to me, by what seemed the soundest logic, that I was mistaken. One day, when he had been living with me something more than a year, he informed me, in his easygoing way, that he had married some years before, lost his wife soon after, and that I was a grandfather. 'You're fond of children,' he said. 'I've seen you notice those little curly-headed beggars next door. You'd better let me send for Lucille.'"

"You consented?"

"Of course. Lucille came. A pale melancholy child, in whose small face I saw no likeness to any of my race. Of her mother I could ascertain very little. My son was reticent. She was of decent birth, he told me, and had possessed a little money, which he had spent, and that was all he ever told me. Of how or where she died, he said nothing. Lucille talked of green fields and flowers and a river; but knew no more of the whereabouts of her previous home than if she had come straight from Paradise."

"Then you do not even know her mother's maiden-name?"

"No. That's hard upon you, isn't it? There'll be a blank in your children's pedigree."

"I will submit to the blank; only it seems rather hard upon Lucille that she should never have known her mother's relatives, that she should have been cheated of any affection they might have given her."

"Affection! the affection of aunts and uncles and cousins! Milk-and-water!"

"Well, sir, you and your son contrived to live together for some years."

"Yes, it lasted a long time—I knowing I was cheated, yet unable to prove it; he spending his days in sloth, his nights in dissipation, yet every now and then, by some brilliant stroke of business, compelling me to admire him. My customers liked him, the young men especially; for he had all those modern ideas which were as strange to me as a Cuneiform inscription. Somehow he brought grist to the mill. His University friends found him out, made my shop a lounge, borrowed my money, and paid me a protective rate of interest. We had our quarrels—not violent and noisy, like the quarrels in which women are concerned, but perhaps all the more lasting in their effect. Where he went at night I knew not, until going into his room very early



one morning to wake him—there was to be a great picture-sale fifty miles out of London that day, and I wanted him to attend it—I saw some gold and notes scattered on the table by his bedside. From that moment I knew the worst of his vices. He was a gambler. Where he played or with whom I never knew. I never played the spy upon him, or attempted to get at his secrets in any underhand manner. One day I taxed him with this vice. He shrugged his shoulders, and affected supreme candor. "I play a little sometimes," he said—"games of skill, not chance. It is impossible to keep such company as I keep and not take an occasional hand at whist or écarté. And you ought not to forget that my friends have been profitable to you." A year after this I had occasion to sell a portion of my stock at Christie's, in order to obtain ready money to purchase the lease of premises adjoining my own—premises which would enable me to enlarge my art gallery. The things were sold, and, a few days afterwards, settled for. I brought home the money—between five and six hundred pounds—locked it in my safe, impregnable even to my junior partner, and dined with the key in my pocket, and, as I believed, my money secure.

Again there was a pause, painful recollections contracting the deeply-lined brow, gloomy thoughts clouding the eyes.

"Well, I had come home late, the child was in bed, and my son and I dined together by the fire in the little parlor behind the shop—my wife's fine drawing-room had been absorbed long ago into the art gallery. Never had Ferdinand been so genial, so gay. He was full of talk about the extension of our premises; discussed our chances of success like a thorough man of business. We had a bottle of good old burgundy in honor of our brilliant prospects. I did not drink more than usual; yet half an hour after dinner I was in the deepest sleep that ever stole my senses and reduced me to the condition of a lifeless log. In a word, the wine had been drugged, and by the hand of my son. When I awoke it was long after midnight, the hearth was black and cold, the candles had burned down to the sockets. I woke with a violent headache, and that nausea which is the after-taste of opium or morphine. I sat for some minutes shivering, and wondering what was the matter with me. Almost mechanically I felt in my pocket for the key of the safe. Yes, there it lay, snug enough. I staggered up to bed, surprised at the unusual effect of a couple of glasses of burgundy, and was so ill next morning that my old housekeeper sent for the nearest apothecary. He felt my pulse, looked at my eyes, and asked if I had taken an opiate. Then it flashed upon me in a moment that I had been drugged. The instant the apothecary left me I jumped out of bed, dragged on my clothes, and went down to examine my safe. The money was gone. Ferdinand knew when I was to receive the cash, and knew my habits well enough to know where I should put it, careful as I had been not to let him see me dispose of it. I had been robbed—dexterously—by my own son."

"Scoundrel!" muttered Lucius.

"Yes. I might have stomached the theft; I couldn't forgive the opiate. That stung me to the quick. A man who would do that would poison me, I thought; and I plucked my only son out of my heart, as you drag up a foul weed whose roots have gone deep and have a tough hold in a clay soil. It was a wrench, and left a feeling of soreness for after-years; but I think my love for him died in that hour. Could one love so paltry a villain? I made no attempt to pursue him, nor to regain my money. One can hardly deliver one's own flesh and blood to the tender mercies of the criminal code."

"You never told his daughter?"

"No; I was not cruel enough for that. I did my best to impress upon her mind that he was unworthy of affection or regret, without stating the nature of his offence. Unhappily, with her romantic temperament, to be unfortunate is to be worthy of compassion. I know that she has wept for him and regretted him, and even set up his image in her heart, in spite of me."

"How much do you know of your son's fate?"

"Almost nothing. By mere accident I heard that he went to America within a month of the day on which he robbed me. More than that I never heard."

"Do you remember the name of the ship—or steamer—in which he went?"

"That's a curious question; however, I don't mind answering it. He went in a Spanish sailing-ship, *El Dorado*, bound for Rio."

This was all—a poor clue wherewith to discover the whereabouts of a man who had been missing twelve years.

(To be continued.)

## U G.

(Concluded.)

"There is no monk!"

"There is. I have seen him. Last night I fought him. Look at this ear: it is his."

Surgard pricked up his ears; then he pricked his vassals with his carver, and made them silently gather round. He carefully scrutinised Ug's black locks.\*

"I have been asleep. I will awake and find this monk, if he is to be found," said Ug. "And now tell me of twice two and buskins."

\* Modern burlesquists will recognise in the following their most favored joke:

"His lockys Surgarde looked at wyth yeare, Regarding first thys ear and then thatte hair."

Osric took no notice of this diversion, but said, "Ug, for the first time thou art lying to me. I see that thou knowest of this monk."

"By the buskin you worship," said Ug solemnly, "I know not."

"But I do!" roared Surgard, pulling Ug's black hair aside.

Directed by this action, Osric turned his eyes to where Ug's ear was not, and in a moment comprehended the hooded monk's identity with Ug.

Ug would have fled, but the vassals collected by Surgard leapt upon him, and bound him before he could resist. Then Surgard turned to his son, and addressing him in the language of the times, said, "Is it for this, thou viper, I have warmed thee in my bosom,\* and nourished thee with tender care and beef-tea? When thy fond father's only delights are eating and drinking and low Saxon, wouldst thou conceal from him the existence of this fair maiden, who might nurse him and gladden his declining years? Before to-morrow shall the clarkie write me a codicil, and the conventional shilling will I cut thee off withal." Then turning to Ug, he continued, "And thou, slave, minion, and catiff, knowest thou not that, for wedding without my consent, thy life and wife are confiscated? Apart from the tender claims my generosity to thee have upon thy gratitude—"

"Enough," said Ug; "kill me."

"Not before thou hast told me where thy wife is concealed."

"Then let me hence, for that thou shalt never know."

"Hence to the dungeon!"

"And thou wilt," said Ug. He trembled as he said, "She must die, and I live. But pure shall we both be when we meet again."

"What!" said Surgard, purple with passion; "wilt thou still conceal her?"

"Ay," answered Ug, and spake no more.

Then Surgard stood up and tried to give his indignation vent; but it was too much for him; and epilepsy at that moment got the better of him; so he was removed to his bed in strong convulsions, whilst Ug was taken down into the coal-hole to await his lord's recovery and further orders. Osric tied his toothbrush up in a cotton handkerchief, and slinging it on the end of his staff, left his father's hall for good and all. It was evening when he reached the ranger's hut. He had approached it hoping, against his fear of disappointment, that he should find the lovely maiden within. But the hut was empty, and silent as the fir wood. He waited and watched at the hut-door, listening painfully. The birds discontinued their song, the stars came out one by one, and anon the moon crept through the heavens; but no figure appeared, and the stillness was unbroken. Once in the early morning he fancied he could hear a child crying, and he called aloud, then listened, but only echo answered him. The morning came, and with it bitter disappointment to Osric. The long day succeeded, and the night appeared never to come; but once more silence and darkness prevailed. Patiently he waited for hours, and then, unable to bear the suspense longer, he advanced to the edge of the open space, strenuously listening and looking about. Once more he heard the childish crying, and it seemed as though it proceeded from the honeysuckles about the bole of the oak; and thither noiselessly he moved. All was silent. He wrung his hands in despair, and was moving toward the hut, when he heard that which made his heart bound into his throat, choking him with emotion. The same sweet young voice that had rung in his memory for so long was again beside him—there, amongst the honeysuckle, singing in a trembling sad voice words he knew full well. Once Ug had told him of a beautiful-winged fly that died when the sun sank, and he made a song that was supposed to be this pretty creature's dying farewell to the sun. This song he had taught Ug; and now the voice he loved so well was singing it with a music his imagination had never heard the like of. It was not merely vanity that thrilled him with a delight too great for anything but silence. The tender voice, as it trembled tearfully in its song, itself seemed to be bidding a farewell to all it loved and left. Utterably pathetic sounded the last note, as if all hope, all joy, all happiness, died with it. A minute's stillness, then Osric moved the honeysuckle and peeped for the figure he expected lay there. Nothing could he see. Presently the little voice asked:

"Who moves the honeysuckle?"

"I," answered Osric; believing now that really the maiden was a spirit.

"Thou art not Ug the ranger," said the voice despairingly.

"No; but one that loves thee better than he. Where art thou?"

"I may not tell. I cannot trust thee."

"Why?"

"Thou sayest thy love is greater than Ug's. That is untrue."

"I love thee, then, as truly. If thou wilt, I will lie down here and die, so great is my love for thee."

There was a silence as if the little lady were turning this over in her mind; then Osric spake again, "Tell me to say no more than farewell—bid me do anything but leave the spot which is near thee, and where I may hear thy voice, and I will obey thee."

"Oh, do not leave me," pleaded the voice hurriedly.

Is it not probable the young man declared he would first perish?

\* The brute had never even permitted him as an infant to enter the parental bed.

"Who art thou that holdest thy life so cheap?" asked the voice.

"My life cheap now I have found thee? I would not sell it for anything but to give thee satisfaction. I am even now as fearful as the hind, fearing some accident may separate me from this sweet existence. I am Osric, the son of Surgard."

"Art thou that pretty boy I have seen in the woods?"

"I am he that fought Ug—but I am a man."

"No, Ug is a man. Thou art much lovelier to look upon than a man."

"Who art thou? Art thou a spirit capable of being visible or invisible at pleasure? or a dryad living in this tree?"

"What are dryads?" Osric explained; and the voice replied, "No dryads live in these woods, for everything within them is known to me. All the young fawns I know and distinguish, and they come to me when I call them by name. There is a family of young squirrels whose mother was killed by a marten; their poor father is getting quite thin and gray with anxiety for their safety whilst he is away finding soft food for them. Do you know where there is mistletoe growing?"

"No; I wish thou wouldst show me."

"Dost thou, really?" asked the voice in much concern.

"Indeed, I do."

"I wish I might show thee. For thou art the son of Surgard, I do not think thou art so cruel as he. Art thou fond of the deer?"

"Yes; but I am fonder still of thee!"

The voice made a little joyful cry and then was silent. Osric too was silent, until he heard a little sob; then he said,

"Art thou crying?"

After a little time the voice said,

"Thou must go away. Ug has told me of thee. I must never, never see thee!"

Another little sob after this.

"What has he said against me?"

"Less than he has said in thy favor. Thou art kind and gentle in some things, and art full of pretty stories and runes. That I know, for he has taught them to me, and I sing them all the night through. But thou art perversely stubborn and fanatical about twice two, and therein thou provest thyself not innocent and good like Ug."

"These are not evils, but rather means by which I strive to make myself better."

"Poor boy, thou canst not see thy own folly. Thou art like the owls, that make themselves the more ridiculous by trying to look most wise."

"I have been foolish and wicked," said Osric, willing to believe himself wrong now that she said so. "Do thou teach me wisdom and make me as good as thou art. I do repent; indeed, I do."

"If I saw thy face I should read if thou art telling the truth. Would that I might look upon thee!"

"Why mayst thou not?"

"I fear thee."

"Wilt thou not trust me in anything?"

After a silence the voice said,

"Wilt thou close thine eyes until I bid thee open them?"

"Yes; oh, yes, yes."

"Then now close them."

He closed his eyes, but his other senses were alert. He heard the honeysuckle rustle, and with its scent was mingled a scent as of sweet violets. His eyelids seemed to grow transparent, and before him his imagination pictured the lovely nymph. She appeared to be looking at him as he had last seen her—as if she were within his reach and were gazing on him, and in a moment would be gone for ever. Still he kept his eyes closed. All he could do was to hold forth his arms, and to murmur inarticulately yet with an expression of entreaty and prayer. Then it seemed as if a hand were laid upon his head and warm breath were on his cheek; and as he closed his arms they pressed a yielding body, an arm stole about his neck and clung there, and a cool smooth brow rested upon his face. Yet he was bewildered and thought it all a dream, spiritual and unreal; but a hand held his, and soft lips took the place of the brow and pressed his cheek. Then he said, "Tell me, who is this?"

And the well-known voice answered softly, "I am Dithe, the daughter of Ug; and I love thee better than I do the young fawns. Open thine eyes;" and as she looked into them, the pretty little maid added, "now I will trust thee."

Surgard lay desperately ill. In the brief intervals between his fits he called for a clerk; but in all Mercia was no scrivener who would answer to his call; for everyone knew of his treachery, and the clerk had been wanting in wisdom who ventured within reach of the faithless Saxon. The scrivener who had drawn up the original will had certainly not complained of the payment he had received for his services; but then Surgard had discharged his obligations in such a manner as to render complaint impossible. True, there was a complaint, and of a catching kind, that went about after the scrivener was lost sight of; but as this was the fault of the gardener, who had not sufficiently dug in his fertiliser, no blame was attached to Surgard. Still, a bad odor hung about the place from that day, and the lawyers were careful. They "smelt a rat," as the saying went in that

\* Does not the ancient chronicler here satirise some missionary or proselytising scheme of his time?

day. Surgard's codicil therefore remained unwritten. To tear up his will was worse than useless, as the primogeniture law had been made some years previously, and was as considerate of the first-born as at present. So Surgard lay there, and made himself extremely unpleasant to those about him. By entreaties and threats he tried to extort from Ug his secret; but the ranger rather rudely spat in the old gentleman's face. Then Surgard, who under the circumstances felt that, having the ranger's rheum, he might dispense with his company, ordered him back to the coal-cellar and ordered hot irons for one, \* to be ready for application by the time he recovered from the fit he felt coming upon him. The fit came, but recovery did not: so he died—very fitly. Then there were great rejoicings; and east and west and north and south went the servitors seeking the heir. But no heir could they find no where.†

So the gardener, who was laying out the garden at the time, laid out the king also, and planted vegetable marrows over him, which was more than the un-gourdy wretch deserved. Every one rejoiced with feasting and merriment.

One day whilst they were in the midst of their feasting, a voice from the end of the hall against the hangings spake thus: "Surgard my father, my wife and I have come to thee for food. For three weeks have we lived upon love and spring-water; and now if thou givest us not meat and wine we must perish. For hips and haws there are none, though unripe blackberries there are in superabundance."

He was interrupted by a ringing shout, and all his vassals came before him and greeted him with profound affection and humility, and they gazed open-eyed and open-mouthed at the beautiful wife, who nestled under his arm in fawn-like terror. When Osric heard of his father's death, he blew his nose respectfully and was silent; his vassals one after another blew their noses, which at that time was "nice" only as an outward and visible sign of an inward grace. Osric's first question was relative to Ug, and hearing he was still preserved—though in a sorry pickle—he ordered him to be brought from the coal-hole at once. Then he led his wife to the dais at the head of the table, and he and she sat in the big chairs, and Osric bade his wife draw down her veil. Presently Ug, all rough and unkempt, appeared before them, and the little wife grasped the arm of her husband tightly.

Ug looked around for Surgard, of whose death he was ignorant. Then he said: "Osric, thou knowest I have loved thee and served thee well."

"Yes," answered Osric, "I owe thee much; what wouldst thou of me?"

"Prythee run thy sword through my body, or suffer one of my brother villains to do so."

"I cannot do this, Ug; but I will give thee thy life and freedom if thou wilt give unto me the maiden that sings so sweetly."

"Sings so sweetly!" said Ug bitterly. "Never more will living man hear her sing. Hear thou, and have mercy to others by the misery thou hast brought upon me and mine. She who sang so sweetly was my daughter. She was born in secret, and for sixteen years had I hidden her. I knew if your hated father found her she would be lost; so we lived in utter solitude and night. Thou wonderest where I hid her. Oh, you will never know. I had feared and expected what has happened, and I made my child vow never to leave her chamber alone; and as I lay in my dungeon I knew she was slowly starving to death. Yet rather than she should fall into the hands of Surgard, I suffered her to die."

"Perhaps she did not die."

"I tell thee she is dead. Twenty long days and nights has she stayed in her living grave without food. If I held her poor thin little body in these arms, I could not be more certain she is dead. She promised she would die rather than leave her retreat alone. Even now, with torture and a miserable life before me, I would not betray her dear body for freedom or death."

"Yet thou mayst be wrong."

Ug shook his head.

"Suppose I, wandering near your hut, found the old sacred oak—"

"The oak?"

"The oak—found in it a door so cunningly wrought as to be imperceptible to some; and suppose, in a little chamber hung with pretty birds' eggs and bright feathers, I found thy child; and suppose she consented to take me for her slave, to do what she would with all that is mine; and suppose Surgard was dead and—"

The little wife tore away her veil with a joyful scream, leapt from the dais, and throwing herself beside the poor sobbing savage crouching on the floor, flung her arms about his neck, drew his great black head into her fair white bosom, and cried:

"Father, father, I am Dithe, thy child!"

\* Than Surgarde saies he saies, saies he, "Thys state of thyngs sha'n't laste;"

For, ranger, thou atte presente air

A precious syghte toe faste;

Ande whanne you've loste yore precious syghte."

He saies, saies he, he saies,

"You'll see—miraculously quite—

Ye error of yore wales."

—Ballad of Ug.

† This expression was considered grammatical at that time.



## Travel and Adventure, National Customs, Etc.

### CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

In nearly all lands and all ages fortune-telling has, in some form or other, been highly popular, from the instinctive desire of the human race to become acquainted with the hidden and unknown. Every schoolboy knows how greatly divination was held in honor amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans; has heard of the power which the "medicine-man" wields in the Indian village; and has perhaps dreamed of the black-eyed gipsy, who with seductive smile might some day accost him in a quiet shady lane, and offer, for a slight consideration, to tell him of coming luck. In our own prosaic times and matter-of-fact country, however, gipsies and other professors of the art of reading the hidden decrees of providence seem to have fallen on evil days, and when they venture on too obtrusive a practice of their vocation, find themselves an object of extreme solicitude to the myrmidons of the law; but in China the case is different, for throughout the length and breadth of all the eighteen provinces of that vast and populous empire fortune-telling flourishes, and is quite a matter of every-day life. The Chinese being an eminently superstitious race are naturally eager to pry into futurity, and consult their favorite oracle upon almost every conceivable occasion. A Chinaman can neither be married nor buried, nor enter upon any business of the least importance, without the aid of one of the fortune-telling fraternity, so that it is no wonder that with them the craft is prosperous.

Mr. Doolittle, in his interesting work on the Social Life of the Chinese, to which we are indebted for some of the following information, tells us that in Far Cathay six modes of fortune-telling are in vogue, and these we will now proceed to describe as briefly as possible.

Probably the most popular method of telling fortunes is by the eight characters, which give the exact time of a person's birth—two representing the year of the cycle, two the month, two the day, and two the "period" of the day at which the event occurred. Many of those who follow this branch of the profession are blind; they are led about the streets by boys, and have commonly two ways of proclaiming their calling, one being by means of two small bamboo clappers, with which they make certain well-known sounds, and the other by a yueh-ling, which is a circular piece of copper hung by two strings to a stick, a second stick being hung between the strings; this pendulous stick when struck against the copper produces a peculiar noise, which any one who has ever been in a Chinese town will at once call to mind. The peripatetic fortune-teller is nearly always blind, and he is said by the Chinese to "calculate fortunes," for which he gets about a penny—while those who, not being afflicted with loss of sight, establish themselves in shops and wait for people to come and consult them, are said to "see fortunes," and being a somewhat superior class, they charge a double fee. They all make their predictions by reference to books, which teach them how to interpret the combinations of the horary characters, and whether they should deduce a propitious or unpropitious conclusion therefrom; or, of course, the blind man labors under considerable disadvantages in having to trust much more to his memory than is the case with his brother professor. To this class of fortune-tellers generally belong those who, when negotiations for a marriage are being opened, are consulted to determine whether the eight characters of both parties are sufficiently in harmony for them to become husband and wife; also those who choose lucky or propitious days for the transaction of important business. The aid of these soothsayers is invoked by the builder and proprietor of houses and hongs, and by the head men in the erection of temples, &c. In the case of temples, the ages of the elders and head men of the neighborhood are made known to one who is able to divine what month, day, and hour will be lucky for the performance of the several kinds of labor connected with the erection of the proposed temple. In the matter of building a house or hong, only the age of the owner and proprietor is made known to the fortune-teller. He applies the rules of his art to decide on the precise hour which will be favorable for beginning to "move the earth for the foundations; for putting up the ridge pole in its place; for framing the great or main door of honor; for digging the well and making the fireplace in the kitchen."

A very popular, and at the same time the cheapest kind of fortune-telling, is by means of a bird and slips of paper. The professor of the black art, who adopts this method of divination, and is willing to satisfy the inquiring mind for the modest remuneration of about a farthing of our money, "traverses the streets in search of employment. He carries in one hand a piece of the small end of a cow's horn and a bamboo stick. These two are tied together loosely at one end, and he manages to strike or clap them together, so as to make a peculiar sound. In the other hand, or suspended from a front button of his coat, he has a small cage, containing a little bird of a particular species. He always takes with him on these professional excursions sixty-four small sheets of paper, on each of which is sketched a figure of a god, bird

beast, &c., and on every sheet is also written a short verse of poetry, usually 4 lines, each of 7 characters. These sheets are folded up in such a manner that the pictures and poetry are not visible. When any one applies to have his fortune told, he arranges the sixty-four pieces of paper on a table or on the ground, and places the bird-cage near them. He then opens the door, and the bird hops out and picks up one of the sheets with his beak. This the wise man opens and explains to the applicant."

Another class of peripatetic fortune-tellers devote themselves to inspecting the physiognomy; they are to be known by certain characters that are inscribed on a satchel which they carry with them. They select a favorable and convenient spot in the street, where they can spread out a chart, which they consult in reference to the personal peculiarities of their customers. They carefully inspect every feature of the person who wishes to look into futurity, and compare together what they term the "five governors"—that is, the ears, eyes, eyebrows, nose, and mouth—to see whether they are in harmony, and whether the combined expression is good or not. They note the way in which the applicant walks and sits down, and so foretell his future. Furthermore, they examine the length of each finger, and pay particular attention to the lines or creases in the palm of the hand, taking careful note of its color and thickness.

Yet another mode of gaining an insight into the decrees of fate is by dissecting the written character. Those who practise this branch of the art take up a position at the side of some frequented street, where they spread out a cloth, and arrange their writing materials. They also have with them a box containing a number of pieces of paper folded up, on which a single character is written; their fee is but small, being usually about a half-penny. The inquirer into futurity chooses two of these pieces of paper, which the fortune-teller opens; he then dissects the characters on them, writing out their various component parts. He next talks over the matter, about which his customer is anxious for information, working in the meaning of the fresh characters, obtained by the subdivision of the two originally selected at random, often increasing the number by skillfully adding strokes to, and thus changing the meaning of, the characters. Upon the materials thus got together he founds an oracular response as to the coming events about which he had been consulted.

Those who profess to reveal the secrets of futurity "by the use of the tortoise-shell and three ancient cash, have shops or offices where they may be consulted by those who prefer this method of ascertaining their fortunes. The cash commonly used are a certain kind coined during the Tang dynasty (some twelve hundred years ago). They first light incense sticks and candles, placing them before the picture of an old man, whom they worship as the deity who presides over this kind of divination. They then take the cash and put them into a tortoise-shell, which they shake once or twice before the picture, invoking the aid and presence of the god. They then empty the cash out, and taking them in one hand, they strike the shell gently three times with them, repeating at the same time forms of incantation. The cash are again put into the shell, and shaken as before three times, when they are turned out upon a plate, and careful observation is made of the manner in which they have chanced to fall. After noting how many have the reverse side upwards, the same cash are put into the shell, and a similar operation is repeated once and again. At the conclusion of the third shaking, and the third observation of the relative positions of the coins, the fortune-tellers proceed to compare the diagrams with the "five elements" according to the abstruse and intricate rules of this species of divination. After a tedious process of observations and comparisons, they pronounce judgment on the matter under investigation.

What is termed "geomancy," in so far as it has to do with the selection of a fortunate burial place by a critical examination of the earth and scenery, comes fairly into the category of fortune-telling, for the Chinese consider that the future prosperity of the family of the deceased depends greatly upon a lucky place of sepulture being chosen. The Chinese expression for this is Feng-shui, that is, wind and water, and whatever, in the opinion of the wise man, interferes with the Feng-shui, is looked upon as very unlucky. It may be interesting to mention in passing, that this superstition with regard to the Feng-shui is one of the great obstacles to the introduction of telegraphs, railways, &c., into the country.

The man who "looks at the wind and water," armed with a compass and other implements of his art, accompanies a near relative of the deceased to some spot in the hills, which is thought suitable for a burial place, and he then proceeds to make his observations secundum artem. He notes "the nature of the ground, the color of the soil, its relative position to surrounding hills, valleys, streams," &c. If large rocks are found in the earth, or if the spot prove to be wet, it is at once condemned, and a fresh search has to be made for a place where the soil is dry and of a yellowish color. This species of fortune-telling is the most tedious and expensive of those which we have described, but the Chinese attach extreme importance to it.

Besides the foregoing methods of fortune-telling, Sir John Davis informs us that the Chinese have in some parts a mode of divination by certain pieces of wood, in shape the longitudi-

nal sections of a flattish oval. These are thrown by pairs, and according to the mode in which they turn up, a judgment is formed of any future event by consulting the interpretation afforded in a Sibylline volume, which is hung up in the temple. If the throw, however, happens to be unlucky, they do not mind trying their chance over again, until the answer is satisfactory.

### AN ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.

I have something to tell you of an adventure I had on the 14th of May last. I should have written the account of it home last fortnight, but I was so pressed for time in consequence of the date of despatch for letters to England having been changed, that I was unable to. B— and I (he is our doctor), having heard that there were a great many pea-fowl to be had four or five miles off, at a place called Heeracode, obtained three days' leave on the 14th May to go out and shoot some. We subsequently changed our destination from Heeracode to Iumrah, a place two or three miles further on. Early on the morning of the 14th we started riding, while our ghorwallahs carried our guns behind us. About four and a half or five miles out we came to a large hill covered with jungle with some smaller hills around it, and as we heard the pea-fowl calling we dismounted and loaded our guns with Number 2 shot, hoping to be able to bag a bird for that day's dinner. I particularly dislike carrying powder and shot flasks myself, and generally have some one following me to carry them, but on this occasion we had none but our ghorwallahs with us, and they were required to hold the horses, so we had to go alone. I left all ammunition and everything behind except the two charges I had in my gun, intending to fire both barrels at some pea-fowl and return at once, so as to get on to our camp before the sun got too hot. It was now about 6 a.m., the sun had slightly risen. B— went up the hill, slightly to the left, and as our chance would be doubled by our not keeping together, I went somewhat to the right and we both ascended the hill. The growth on the hill was mostly saplings, no large trees hardly, and these were rather close together, and from this cause as well as that the hill was covered with rocks and rolling stones, the ascent was rather difficult and slow. However, as at this time of the year there are few if any leaves on the trees, everything being withered up, we could see a good distance around us. After we had proceeded some time the birds became suspicious and ceased calling. I crossed over a little to my left, and hearing a noise below me looked and saw B— turning back to the horses; however, as at this moment I heard a peacock call at some distance above me I determined to go on alone and try and get a shot at him, and went along as quickly, but above all as quietly as I could. Ascending some way further I saw a sort of crown of rocks above me, on the very top of the hill, and the pea-fowl from its noise seemed to be there. After a short time more I surmounted this rocky peak, which was itself ten or twelve feet high, and looking around saw a very fine pea-fowl walking away from me about ninety yards distant. I followed, but the bird seeing me quickened its pace and was soon lost in the jungle. However, I noted the direction it had taken, and pursued, hoping to come upon it again. After going some distance (the ground on the top of the hill where I now was was nearly flat), I came to a small pathway, three feet or so wide, going to my left, and I followed it. Suddenly, turning to a small bend, I saw thirty yards to my left front something large lying under a bush, and looking a second time, I saw its body heave with each breath. Perceiving it was some animal, I thought that when it heard me coming it would move off; so I paid no more attention to it, but went on. I then heard a shrill trumpet like kind of noise close by, such as I do not ever remember having heard before, close to the beast, and about where the pea-fowl should be. Going on a little further brought me to a small bush by the side of the path, and as I then saw that the beast did not move, and also that he was only about twelve paces from me, directly on my left, I turned to have another look at him, when, to my horror, I found I was face to face with a huge tiger! I felt so taken aback by this discovery, that I instantly stopped behind the bush to collect myself a little, and think what I had better do, and then for the first time the place seemed lonely. It was evident that the tiger had not seen me as yet, for he lay basking in the morning rays of the sun, lazily opening and shutting his eyes. But unfortunately he was lying end on to and facing me. He was beautifully striped. Of course it was worse than useless firing at a tiger in that position with only shot in your gun, as it would only enrage him, and be certain to precipitate an attack on me; so that idea had to be given up. I thought it would have been madness to turn and try to retrace my steps along the path, as now I knew I had such a dangerous neighbour, I was certain to make some noise, which would attract his attention, and then, if he saw me retreating, he would be sure to attack; so I gave up that. The third and last thing left me was to remain where I was, keeping my gun as a reserve, not to be used except in the last extremity, and endeavor to frighten the tiger away. Just at this moment I again heard the shrill sound before mentioned, and then the tiger began purring like a cat, and the noise seemed to fill the jungle all round. I quite made up my mind that I was a dead man, or at least that I should never get out of

that scrape with a whole skin; but, under the circumstances, it was quite wonderful how cool I became. I then raised myself again to have another look at my enemy, when he immediately saw me! He at once stopped purring, and began showing his teeth and growling angrily, while I felt the locks of my gun to see if all was ready. He was gently raising himself from the ground most stealthily, and I thought was going to spring, or to bound forward on to me, so I continued staring at his eyes, he growled louder, and appeared to be angry, when, like a flash of lightning, he whisked round, and in a couple or three bounds, was out of sight and lost in the jungle." I dare say you can imagine how glad I was to find myself alone once more, and then the full danger of my position seemed to break on me. Just after the tiger had gone, I heard the pea-fowl call from within a few feet of where the tiger had been. I then thought I might have been mistaken as to the distance, and so I again looked at where the brute had been lying, and a second time estimated it at twelve paces about, one bound would have brought him within striking distance of me. I immediately descended the hill with all speed (it is needless to say without my pea-cock), and as soon as I arrived within earshot of B—, hailed him, and we rode on to camp together. Had that tiger been hungry, or been a man-eater, nothing on earth would have saved me. I then asked B—, why he had gone back so soon? and he said the place was very wild, and as he quite expected every moment to see a cheetah, and was feeling rather lonely, he returned. I did not notice the loneliness till I saw the tiger, and, moreover, I had not a suspicion there were tigers so close to Sumbulpore. When I was behind that bush, I could almost feel his breath on me.

B. T. M. G.

### EDUCATION IN CORNWALL SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Few persons then could either read or write, except one here and there, who passed for a great scholar if he could sign his name and read a chapter in the Psalter without much spelling. The overseer, not knowing how to write a cipher, kept the accounts of his monthly disbursements on the dairy-door, in round o's for shillings and long chalks for pence. The last Saturday of each month he took the dairy-door on his back and carried it to Church-town, that the clerk might enter his accounts in the parish book. "One Saturday, in the season when days are short and streams high, the overseer couldn't make out his accounts and reach Nancherrow Water before dark; and in passing, with the door on his back, over the wet and slippery stones, he lost his balance and fell into the stream. By good luck the door was under, and floated him down to a place where the water was shallow, there he landed, but all the accounts were washed out. 'Tis said that the overseer's mishap was the reason why the first bridge was built over Nancherrow Water." Sixty years ago there was full faith in the story of how Sir Cloudesley Shovel came to be shipwrecked in 1707, as he neared the coast with his fleet from Toulon. There are many Cornish men of three-score years of age who believe the story now: "The day before the Admiral's ship was wrecked one of the crew, who was a native of Scilly, and well acquainted with the channel, represented to Sir Cloudesley that the course the ship was taking would bring her on Scilly rocks. The Admiral and his officers were incensed at the man's interference; and because he persisted in affirming that the ship's way was wrong and would bring her to destruction, Sir Cloudesley Shovel—rather summarily, one might now think—condemned the man to be hanged for insubordination and endeavoring to excite a mutiny. When the poor fellow was tied to the mast, preparatory to his being suspended by his neck from the yardarm, he begged, as a last favor that a Psalm might be read before his execution. His request being granted, he selected the 109th, and repeated certain imprecatory portions of it after the reader; and the last words he uttered were to the effect that Sir Cloudesley Shovel and those who saw him hanged should never reach the land alive. His body, shrouded in a hammock, with a shot to sink it, was cast into the deep, and but little heed paid to the dying sailor's sentence. Shortly after, however, the sky, which had been gloomy all day, became much darker; black, lowering clouds hung over the fleet like a funeral pall, and the gale rose to a violent tempest. Then the hanged man's curse was dreaded; and lo, to the crew's consternation, they beheld his corpse—divested of its rude winding-sheet—floating near the doomed ship, which it closely followed, with its face turned toward her, in all her varying course, through eddying currents, until she struck on the Giltstone, when the hanged man went down with the ship and his messmates."—*Traditions and Hearth-side Stories of West Cornwall.*

MACCARONI PUDDING.—Melt a handful of powdered lump sugar with a small quantity of water, and let it boil until it acquires a deep brown color; pour it into a warmed plain mould, which is to be so handled as to receive a coating of the browned sugar all over. Boil 3oz. of small Italian paste in a pint of milk sweetened to taste; when quite done turn it out to cool, and work it into the yolks of four eggs; place the mixture into the prepared mould; bake for about fifteen minutes, turn out, and serve.



# The Ladies' Page.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL REDINGOTES.

The warm redingote of "diagonal," camel's-hair, cashmere, or else tufted camel's-hair, is the first garment that will be donned when cool autumn days require heavier clothing. This comfortable over dress, that so conveniently completes a suit when added to the black or other dark silk skirts of the present season, is very largely imported, and shows but slight changes from those now worn. The new fall redingote is a long close garment that makes the figure look very slender. The long clinging front hangs smoothly without a wrinkle, has two darts, or else is slightly loose and belted, is double-breasted, with two rows of buttons its entire length, has a round revers collar instead of the square and pointed revers now worn, and in many cases this collar is only set on for ornament, while the close high neck of the garment is finished by a still higher ruff of the material of the dress or its trimming. The back of the waist is tight-fitting, having but one seam down the middle, or else three back seams placed wide apart in English fashion, while the drapery of the skirt is most abundant, consisting of many deeply folded loopings in the three back seams; but these draped folds hang so softly that they do not give that bouffant tour-nure which is now so objectionable. Plain close coat sleeves are universal, but cuffs are more fanciful than the present square cuffs. Pockets also are not merely square bags, but have ornamental flaps, and are set on obliquely, or cut in points, or rounded. Belts of the material or of the trimming fastened behind by large silver clasps are on all redingotes, and few sashes are seen on the early importations. Above every thing else the standing trimming about the neck makes itself conspicuous, as not ruffs alone are worn erect, but also the English collar with standing back and turned-over points in front; and oddest of all is the fancy for turning up the back of wide revers collars, just as gentlemen's overcoat collars are sometimes turned up in the back by accident or carelessness, though certainly never by design.

Soft thick woolen fabrics are used for redingotes, and the garment is made sufficiently warm by lining the waist with flannel or else farmer's satin. The heavy diagonals and armures resembling the cloth used for gentlemen's semi-dress coats are the novelties of the season, and are in especial demand in indigo blue and dark green shades. A dark blue redingote will, it is prophesied, be the popular garment of the autumn; next in favor after blue is slate-color—which is a dark bluish-gray—then olive shades, myrtle green, and bronze. These deep colors will, it is said, be more used than black, though black will by no means be abandoned. Camel's-hair serge with its broad diagonal lines, cashmere roughened by camel's-hair fleece, and the tufted camel's-hair have already been described, and these will be the accepted materials for over dresses, with silk or velvet skirts of the same color. Few suits entirely of silk will be imported; woolen fabrics associated with velvet or silk of corresponding shades are preferred to silk costumes. The trimmings are flat bias bands of velvet or silk, pipings, and cords, put on in the way worn hitherto, with the more fanciful additions on collars, cuffs, and pockets already designated. There is a fancy for carrying the trimming up the back and side seams of the skirt to the waist. Quantities of embroidery are used, especially lines down the front of the garment between the rows of buttons. Swinging cords are seen in abundance. The novelty for trimming camel's-hair and cloth is yak braid, broad, substantial, and similar in appearance to the Hercules braid formerly used. Buttons of metal or pearl are colored to match the fabric they trim. For instance, there are blue steel buttons dark as sapphires, bronzed steel buttons precisely like the cloth with which they are used, and smoked pearl buttons that show all the olive green and olive brown shades. Handsome Japanese buttons, black, with gilt or silver figures, are also shown, and there are quantities of dark oxidized silver buttons, with clasps, buckles, and brooches carved to match.

Among the French redingotes imported for models is one of heavy blue diagonal made tight-fitting, with rounded revers collar turned up behind, black yak braid for trimming, and oxidized silver buttons. A second of myrtle green cloth, made with tight back and belted front, has a velvet band three inches wide laid on smoothly for trimming, also large swinging ornaments of yak cord for fastening the front. Another of slate-colored camel's-hair has very long double-breasted fronts with two darts; there are three seams behind, making wide side bodies, pockets with square flaps, a thick silk cord, not a mere piping fold, on the edge, and blue steel buttons in two rows down the front, and designating the waist behind. A fourth redingote of olive green armure, also double-breasted, has a high pleated ruff of armure showing a lighter silk lining. A cord of light silk surrounds the garment, and two rows of smoked pearl buttons trim the front. Polonaises of imitation camel's-hair, trimmed with yak braiding and machine stitching in embroidery patterns, are imported in boxes, unmade. Those of dark blue are nearly all disposed of, but the garment can be had in slate, bronze, myrtle, and olive green. Fine real camel's-hair redingotes are ornamented with the rough yak sou-

tache done in medallions, with silk embroidery inside the medallion. Children's redingotes are imported ready-made in precisely the same designs and colors described for ladies. A square sailor collar with a ruff above it is a favorite ornament for wraps and over dresses for young ladies and girls.

## MISCONCEPTIONS OF BEAUTY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Who is it that gives us our views of life? Whence come the conventional opinions? Whose are the eyes that, seeing, see not, and the lips that speak? A notion runs through the world, torn by every bristling projection of solid fact, but essentially unharmed and vital to the last. Is it error or truth, which, crushed to earth, shall rise again? In great things, in recondite matters, the mysteries, the conjectures, the half-discoveries of science, it is not strange that we blunder, make the worse appear the better reason, and mistake shadow for substance. But in minute points, in the trifling occurrences of every day, why should we not be right as well as wrong?

The cheap novellet can not be expected to create for the world another world as does the master of his craft; but why should not the cheap novellet, even the merest little weaver of one-column romances for the weakest of weekly papers, recognize and signalize the fact that the conquests of the world have not been made by beauty; that it is no power—is only one, and not the strongest, element of power? Yet not only the penny-a-liner, but the sensible and even the devout, close their eyes to the palpable and indisputable fact, and accept the theory that beauty is sovereign and omnipotent; and in consequence they bow down and worship with a misleading and false and fruitless homage.

Equally useless and wrong is it to attempt to impress upon the infant mind the idea that "looks are nothing, behavior is all." No one heartily believes it. Why not acknowledge and applaud the truth that looks may be largely the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, that the pure heart is symbolized by the spotless robe, the gracious soul by the graceful garb, the delicate taste by the fine texture and the modest tint? It is true that Great Heart may be a man of small stature, the most unbending Integrity may have a stoop in his shoulders, the sweetest Lady Una in the land may be but a swarthy, shrinking girl. But in evitably the lady is shown in her array. Lady Una is dark, but she is comely. Great Heart is only small by measurement. We are given into our own hands to make the most of ourselves, body and soul. Let not the little girls be taught that beauty is irresistible, not because it will make them frivolous, but because it is not true. Let them be taught rather that power alone wins, and that beauty may be powerless; while mind, wit, tact, gentleness even, may be power. The charm of the most charming women it would be difficult to name. It is certainly not beauty, for the charming women, although often beautiful, are also often far less so than the indifferent women. The Charmer is, above all things, sincere. She assumes neither ignorance nor learning. She may be the owner of one or the other, but she makes no parade, and has great good sense. If circumstance or taste has forbidden her to be well-read, she is not ashamed, but neither is she proud of the fact, nor does envy induce her to put scorn upon those that are, nor does she attempt to conciliate Superiority by infantine artlessness. The Charmer is inwardly exacting, but not outwardly querulous. She renders to every one his due, but loves to receive her own as a grace. She has a superb self-respect and is seldom wounded save by intentional stabs. She is benevolent and beneficent. She says pleasant words, not from design, but instinct. She is not easily, but she can be thoroughly, offended, and the stars are not more remote than is she from the offender. She does not obtrude her opinion, but, appealed to, she is so faithful, sympathetic, sound, that she helps, be it only by listening, and clouds of doubt and hesitation are dissolved by the sweet shining of her clear eyes. More than this, if my lady is resorted to in vain, if her advice be not followed, she is not thereby estranged. She is not concerned to establish a reputation for cleverness or beneficence, or any reputation whatever; but when a fellow-mortals comes to her, it is simply that her heart goes out to him at once in succor and good cheer.

The Charmer is not necessarily perfect. She may be impulsive. She may be sometimes even petulant. She is serene or wayward according to temperament. But she is always magnanimous; never petty, never hard, never hateful. She never uses sharp, disagreeable speech, except, possibly, at long intervals, in the service of the oppressed, to rebuff an overbearing and obstreperous aggression; and though one should go on describing her to the least lifting of the eyelash, still the charm of the Charmer would escape him, for it lies below and behind all traits, no trait, but the last subtle essence of a refined and cultured nature, of a rare and perfect womanhood.

Teach the little girls to make themselves as pretty as is becoming, with all the puffs and bows and ribbons that may be consistent with peace of mind and unselfishness and untouched honor; but teach them also that this is but a small part not only of what pertains to the conduct of life, but to the attainment of position and worthy influence. The first thing is to be. But Nature has so made men and women that

they care also to seem—to seem pleasant and desirable in each other's eyes. Who shall say that this, too, is not a powerful motive to excellence? Let us not scorn it, but use it. No father but rejoices when his son turns from the athletic but somewhat rude sports of his male mates, and begins to seek and to enjoy the gentler gayeties of female society. No mother but is pleased to think that her bairn's respected like the lave. In each sex the desire to please, whether its own or the other, is instinctive and blameless. Yet so delicate is it that it can hardly be touched without danger. It can hardly be guided except indirectly. To say to girls—as I have sometimes heard it said—men like this, men dislike that, therefore be thus and so, is coarse and cruel and servile. Yet can the honorable, the high-minded mother, teacher, friend, with dignity and sweetness, guide her girl to a womanhood reserved, commanding, reasonable, however piquant, merry and arch; guide her to a fitness for companionship with the wisest and greatest of men, as well as for solace to the weak and erring; guide her into attractiveness and grace and ornament, which are to be attained only by virtue of unconsciousness, uprightness and unhampered individuality.

One is troubled to see beauty wasted as well as wealth, or time, or mind, or any other gift of God. A lovely little maiden making herself lovelier before the glass to greet and gladden the eyes of all beholders is not a sorry sight, if beneath the visible loveliness lie a tender heart, a mind under control, a strong and active will. But to see a silly little girl rely on her colors and contours, and neglect mental culture, social grace, one might almost say Christ an courtesy—this, indeed, is melancholy. Her selfish little heart, her barren little mind, lord it already over her cheap, superficial beauties, and will soon leave nothing behind but a dreary waste. Her little victories are temporary, her little failures lasting. She can never be a power. She can scarcely help becoming a drag. Her companions must be among the commonplace, not to say the vulgar, for she has nothing in common with the lofty and the grand. She would gasp on the heights. She can assimilate nothing beyond the material. There is danger that she will soon be unable to rise above the mean. While there is yet time, let her learn that in both sexes, in all ages and all worlds, to be weak is miserable, and though petty men and petty women may well enough consort, large souls love largely.

## YOUNG WOMEN VS. YOUNG MEN IN GERMANY.

Throughout Germany, wherever females can be employed to advantage, they are taken in preference to young men. At Munich the clerks and book-keepers in the banks are nearly all young and handsome girls. At the depots, many of those who attend the windows for the sale of tickets are girls, and the cashiers in all the cafés and restaurants are of the same sex. They are generally very expert at figures, and in mental arithmetic have no superiors. In view of the fact that so females are employed in the rougher and hardest descriptions of laboring work, it speaks well for the sex that they are seeking and securing more desirable and lucrative employment. It may possibly arise from the fact that young men are generally of the "fast" order, and are not to be relied upon in positions of trust. We are under the impression in America that our young men are not as steady and staid as they ought to be, but they are miracles of steadiness compared to the average young men in Germany. The students at Heidelberg can give them a start of half a day, and beat them before bedtime. They don't drink strong liquor; coffee, beer, or wine being the extent of their libations; but they devote the best part of the day to the café or the beer saloon, reading the papers, playing billiards, chatting, or studying the plates in the numerous satirical illustrated papers. How the many thousands of young men in Vienna obtain a living and good clothing, who are always to be found in the coffee-house, is a mystery "that no fellow can find out."

MRS. HENRY R. CHRISTIAN performed at Augusta, Georgia, a few days since, an act so cool and courageous as to place it among the pluckiest things of the kind we have read as having been done by a woman. At the boarding-house of Mrs. Bernard a burglar, supposed to be one of the colored waiters, secreted himself in the rooms of Mrs. Christian, who heard during the night noises in her daughter's room, and woke up her daughter several times to ask her if she was restless. At length, toward morning, Mrs. Christian dozed lightly for a short while, and awoke at the sound of a rustling noise to see the obscure but yet perceptible figure of a man, some five or six feet from the foot of the bed, and at the left, on his knees, fumbling in a dress that lay at the foot of a lounge by the window, just opposite the door of the room entering into the hall. Startled but not terrified, the courageous lady realized the situation at once, and shouting to her daughter to awaken her, and telling her to cry out for help, she herself screaming "thieves!" flew out of her bed, and boldly rushed at the daring burglar. He stood still for a moment, when she seized him by the arm. He, not uttering a word, hurled her from him with all his force, and broke for the window, and began working to unlatch the closed blind. Nothing daunted, and saved from falling by her trunk at the foot of the

bed, the brave-spirited lady again rushed to catch hold of the burglar. She could not distinguish his features, but she had a clear idea of his size, and could discern the flash of his eyes. This time she caught him by the suspender. He had succeeded in getting one of the blinds open by this time, and desperately sprang through the window, and just outside was a tree, into which he landed. His suspender broke in her hand, and as he lit in the branches of the tree he steadied himself by catching the window-sill with one hand. By this time some of the people in the house and in the neighborhood were aroused. Hopeful of holding him until assistance could come, the lady seized the hand momentarily clinging to the window-sill, but was unable to hold it. The burglar dropped to the ground, scrambled over the fence, flew into a gully back of the house, and managed to escape, being soon after followed by two policemen, who made the arrest of the waiter Scott, whose boots just fitted the tracks made by the burglar, who carried off the pocket-book of Mrs. Christian, containing fifty dollars, which has not yet been recovered.

THEY have started a "Woman's Dress Reform Association" in Des Moines, and this is its platform:—"Moderately short walking-dresses for the street; looser and wider corsets; warmly clothed extremities; the discarding of superfluous finery in church costume; and skirts suspended from the shoulder." A Chicago contemporary thus sarcastically comments on this "plank":—"Of what use is it for a lady to go to church if she cannot show her new bonnet and good clothes, and if she cannot show a handsomer bonnet and clothes than her neighbor in the next pew? This reform will touch the universal female kind in a tender spot, and disturb an ancient prerogative which has been exercised since the time of the building of the first meeting-house, whenever that was. We have no faith that the women of Des Moines will ever adopt such an innovation upon long-established rights. What will become of the minister's conventional harangues against female vanities when there is no finery to offend his eye? What will become of the young fellows who hang about the church doors to see the styles?"

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

APPLEDORE CRULLERS.—A piece of butter, size of an egg; 1 cup sugar; 1 nutmeg; 3 eggs. Make stiff with flour, and cut in fanciful shapes. Fry in boiling lard.

PORK PLUM PUDDING.—One teacupful salt pork free from lean or rind, chopped fine; one teacupful molasses; one teacupful raisins, chopped; four teacupfuls flour, one teacupful milk, one teacupful soda, two teacupfuls cream of tartar. Boil three hours. Eat with boiled sauce or wine sauce.

BREAKFAST DISH.—Chop very fine either cold beef, mutton, or veal. To one teacupful allow the same quantity of grated bread, and if the latter is stale, soak it a few hours in warm milk, and chop with the meat; to this quantity add one egg, yolk and white well beaten together, salt, pepper, and, if liked, a very small onion chopped fine; mix well together, and, flouring the hands, make into balls and fry in hot lard.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—Place over the stove one pint of milk, in which put one large handful of bitter almonds that have been blanched and broken up. Let it boil until highly flavored with the almonds; then strain it and set it aside to cool. Boil one quart of rich milk without anything in it, and when cold add the flavored milk, half a pint of sand sugar, and eight eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately, stirring all well together. Bake in cups, and when cold place a macaroon on top of each cup.

CHARTREUSE OF VEGETABLES.—Line a plain mould, or a two quart tin basin, with very thin slices of raw bacon; have prepared some half-boiled string beans, carrots and turnips; cut the latter into small dice, and scatter them all around the edges and bottom of the pan about an inch thick; fill up the middle with some chopped veal, or with mixed chopped potatoes and cabbage or cauliflower. Put a plate over the top of the mould, tie a cloth over that, and put it into a steamer for an hour and a half. Turn out upon a platter, and serve with cream or white sauce.

MOCK GINGER.—Take the stalks of lettuce that have just gone to seed (don't let it ripen); peel off the fibre, cut in nice lengths, and wash in water; make a syrup of two pints water, ½ lb. sugar, two heaped tablespoonfuls of ground ginger; boil the lettuce stalks in this for twenty minutes, let it cool; repeat this four times, then drain the syrup from the lettuce. Make a fresh syrup of sugar candy and whole ginger, boil until clear, then put in the stalks; boil for half an hour, let it remain twenty-four hours, then boil again until the stalks are transparent.

PREMIUM CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Take a box of sparkling gelatine, pour on it a scant pint and a half of cold water; when it has stood ten minutes add same quantity of boiling water, and stir till the gelatine is dissolved; stir in half a pound of white sugar; have ready six eggs well beaten separately, and then together, and when the jelly is cool, but not congealed, beat it into the eggs; whip very lightly three pints of rich cream, flavored with vanilla or almond or both, and when the eggs and jelly begin to congeal, beat it in as rapidly as possible, and pour the mixture in a bowl lined with lady fingers or sponge cake.



## SONG—THE WINDS.

The South Wind sings of happy springs,  
And summers hastening on their way;  
The South Wind flies from Autumn skies,  
And blossom-spangled meads of May:  
But sweeter is her red, red mouth  
Than all the kisses of the South.

The West Wind breathes of russet heaths,  
And yellow pride of woods grown old;  
The West Wind flies from Autumn skies,  
And sunclouds overlaid with gold:  
But the golden locks I love the best  
Outshine the glories of the West.

The North Wind sweeps from crystal deeps,  
And Arctic halls of endless night;  
The North Wind blows o'er drifted snows,  
And mountains robed in virgin white:  
But purer far her maiden's soul  
Than all the snows that shroud the Pole.

The East Wind shrills o'er desert hills  
And dreary coasts of barren sand;  
The East Wind moans of sea-blanching bones,  
And ships that sink in sight of land:  
But the cold, cold East may rave and moan,  
For her soft warm heart is all my own.

Chambers'.

## ON GOSSIP.

What an invaluable ally to the gossip is the scandaliser! I remember an event which happened in Littleton when I was a child, and which made a deep impression on my mind. One evening I was sent to drink tea with my god-mother, a widow of near seventy years. Shortly after tea we were joined by a maiden lady of some fifty years, and as the two began to talk on subjects of no interest to me I retired with a book to the bow window, and being neither seen nor heard, was soon forgotten. And so, after a time was, by me, my book; the conversation had become such that I was listening with all my might. Miss N. must have made every one's business her own, or she could not have recounted the wonderful stories she did about several Littleton families. All the intricacies of their private histories seemed to be known to her, and were unscrupulously laid bare to her auditor. Story led on to story, till at last there came one which touched the character of a lady who was dead. One great sin of her life had just come to light—at least, Miss N. had just heard of it from a person who had kept the knowledge of it a secret for some years. Ah, that was a juicy morsel for the two! and it seemed to me that the fact of the poor creature's being beyond the pale of repentance and forgiveness added a zest. They said, how shocking it was! how awful! how the devil seemed to be let loose on the world! and how impossible it was to trust any one! for they would each have given their word that the deceased lady was a model of all virtue, and so on. But there was no horror shown at the sin, and no sorrow expressed for the sinner. Now, had Miss N., in the first place, and she and my grandmother in the second, known that it was impossible to handle dirt without being somewhat defiled by it, and had also appreciated the fact that as they did think evil, and rejoiced in iniquity, they did not possess that Christian attribute without which a time might come when repentance and forgiveness would be as far beyond their reach as they imagined them to be beyond the reach of an erring sister, a vast amount of suffering might have been spared. In a few days it was widely circulated, and had come to the ears of the dead lady's relatives. Her mother was in a very delicate state of health, and the shock was so great to her that she never overcame it. Soon after her death the true facts of the case became known, and the accused was proved innocent by the discovery of the real perpetrator. Scandal had primarily set the story afloat, and gossip had kept its head above water. Had there been no gossipers the scandaliser would have been powerless. One class of people suffer terribly from gossips, viz., marriageable young men and women. If marrying and giving in marriage were to come to an end, some gossip-houses might be closed for want of adequate funds. The happiness of the country in general and of individuals in particular depends greatly on the sort of marriages contracted; and yet this, one of the gravest subjects of life, is treated with the utmost levity, and made the handle for no end of ridicule. How few couples have the chance of finding out the temper and disposition of each other until after engagement! And why? Because the least indication of the slightest friendship springing up between a man and woman is the instantaneous signal for nods and winks and a strict surveillance, to be quickly followed by innuendoes and whispers. Thus the two parties—made more sensitive than they ought to be by the knowledge that this is sure to be the case—and they are laying themselves open to be talked about. If a man be a little bit in earnest there is nothing he objects to more than feeling he is watched and his actions quizzed. If he have made up his mind to be quite in earnest he can brave it; and if there be nothing at all serious in the matter, it may amuse him. When men and women are allowed to take a little friendly mutual interest in, and to become really acquainted with each other, there may be some chance of "incompatibility of temper" being discovered before the happiness of the pair has been shipwrecked on that rock. It would have another effect, too—there would not be that silly consciousness which many a woman betrays when receiving attentions from a man, and she would be less

likely to begin immediately wondering what his intentions might be. On the other hand, there are instances where a woman would never suspect intentions at all if tattlers did not put the idea into her head.—*Golden Hours.*

## BEARDS AND MUSTACHES.

A correspondent of the London *Globe* supplies to that journal the story following: "Beards have been one of our national weaknesses, and the taste for mustaches, though comparatively modern, is rapidly becoming a characteristic of us as it is of our French neighbors, from whom we are said to have derived it. The partiality of the old Greeks for smooth-shaven faces is as unintelligible to an Englishman as that of low foreheads; and if a modern Damasepus, who had a dash of fashion about him, pleased us, and we wanted to please him, we should probably reverse Horace's prayer that Heaven would send him a barber. Popular as these graceful appendages are, however, when it was announced in the newspapers that there was to be an exhibition of beards and mustaches at the North Woolwich Gardens, and that a prize would be awarded to the owner of the largest beard and the finest mustache who cared to exhibit himself, no doubt most people thought the said exhibition was a hoax or a joke. I, however, had the resolution to believe that, after all, there might be something in it, and buoyed up with the hope, faced the broiling sun, the boring railway journey, and the hustle and bustle of a crowd devoted to shrimps and riot. On arriving at my destination, I discovered that all was well, and that thirty bona fide competitors had entered the lists, and that the exhibition would come off at 9 o'clock precisely, in the large ball-room which stands in the centre of the gardens. The gardens themselves were, as usual, full of people, and the minds of all of them were evidently full of beards and mustaches. The whole place, in fact, seemed a kind of perambulating exhibition—a spot sacred to none but possible competitors for the great contest, and their female admirers. Every other man you met had a mustache or beard preternaturally developed, an unpleasant way of staring at those who had not, and an insolently critical air when he regarded those who had not. The importance assumed by these men, many of them fine martial-looking fellows, who carried it on well enough, was assumed by others who had not the same pretensions to support such a dignity. Feeble shadows, with watery eyes and tottering legs, shameful wrecks of men, maudlin and miserable, plucked up a sort of ludicrous courage because they happened to have a beard, and swaggered it with the best. As 9 o'clock drew near there was a general rush to the pavilion; tea-parties were broken up as if by magic, the gardens were deserted, streams of people kept pouring in from the toll-gate, and by 9.10 there was scarcely standing-room in the building. At the conclusion of a sort of nondescript play, a gentleman made his appearance on the stage—"himself the proud ideal that he sought"—and announced that the exhibition was about to commence. The assignment of the prize he left entirely in the hands of the ladies, adding, however, that in spite of his own superb mustache, he did not intend to compete himself, and must be considered entirely out of the question. Thirty competitors had entered themselves for the beard prize, though only eight had the courage to present themselves. One of these heroes, who was too modest to face an audience of critical ladies, had written a letter enclosing a small handful of his beard, just to show what he could have done had he chosen to appear. The hairs measured forty inches, and the writer added that he had "cultivated some of them up to forty-five inches," and had hopes of being able to excel even that. The competitors were then told to appear—to pass slowly over the stage, fronting the audience, and giving them a full view of their faces. The excitement now became intense; aimless bursts of applause echoed through the building; eager faces and straining eyes peered from every corner; staid old gentlemen with faces radiant with excitement, and bathed in perspiration—the heat was intense—craned their necks forward to see. As for the ladies, they scarcely knew what to do, and one or two seemed springing off their chairs with enthusiasm, and were quite hysterical; one actually fainted, and added to the general madness by being carried out into the open air. At last the first competitor made his appearance. His claims were based on a very fair black beard, which was apparently about a foot long. He looked rather foolish, and tried to persuade himself that he was not nervous by indulging in a series of short convulsive laughs, and so he disappeared, numbering about five votes. The next was a young man, dressed up to the roots of his hair, in the taste peculiar to those who are of the shop, shoppy. With a fine bow he confronted the audience and made a stand in the middle of the platform. There he evidently intended to remain, but as he based his pretensions on nothing more solid than a very ordinary beard of the sandy-bushy order, he was greeted with peals of laughter and shouts of derision, plainly constructed by himself into applause; but, like the rest, he had to move on, numbering no votes. His successor was a very nervous, elderly man. He had evidently prepared a very sweet smile for the occasion, which terror had petrified into a ghastly grin; his claims were based on a long black beard, with a peculiar curl about it, but he disappeared very early. The prizeman, who looked like a missionary, and was irreverently

greeted as such by the audience, had a very fine beard indeed, which covered the whole of his chest, and was *facile princeps* among his competitors. The mustaches show, which came on afterwards, was a failure. There was only one competitor, a lame, pallid-faced gentleman, the better part of whose life had evidently been devoted to the cultivation of the "knightly growth" that won him the prize. The whole exhibition lasted a little over half an hour, and about 9.30 the band played 'God Save the Queen,' and the audience was dismissed."

## THE FAMILY LETTER.

HOW THE MATERIALS ARE PROCURED.—HOW THEY ARE USED.—WHAT BECOMES OF THE RESULT.

The family letter is written on Sunday. The reason that day is selected is not alone because of the leisure it presents. The quiet of the day, its relief from all influences that irritate or agitate, frees the mind from irrelevant and antagonistic matter, and makes it pre-eminently a fit occasion for communing with distant loved ones. In nine cases out of ten the letter is written by the head of the family, and of those sent an equal proportion is addressed to his wife's folks. We don't know why it is that a man so rarely writes to his own folks, but as it is not the province of this article to treat on that subject, we will pretend we don't care. The hour being selected for inditing the letter, the first thing is to find the paper. There is always a drawer in every well-regulated family for keeping such things. It is either in the table or stand. Here the writing paper and odd screws and fiddle-strings and broken locks and fish lines and grocery receipts are kept. There may be other things, but if there are he will see them. The sheet of paper is finally found; the fly stains neatly scraped off, and the search commences for the ink and pen. The former is invariably found on the mantel next to the clock, and is immediately laid on the table convenient to the perspiring man, who sarcastically inquires if the letter is to be written to-day or next Sunday. This inspires the wife with new zeal in the search. She goes over the drawer again, because she knows he wouldn't see anything if it was right under his nose, but the pen is not there. Then she looks over the top of the bureau, and lifts everything on the top of the front-room table, and says it seems so singular it can't be found, when she saw it only the day before, and thought about the letter. Then she goes into the pantry, and, after exploring the lower shelf in vain, stands upon a chair, and carefully goes over the top shelf, where the medicine-bottles and unused cans are stationed. After she has done this, she starts up stairs, and pretty soon returns with the pen, and takes it to the sink to wash the grease from it, but does not succeed in quite effacing the scent of bergamot. This leads him to observe that anybody who takes a pen-holder to lift hair-grease from a bottle is too pure and innocent for this world. Everything now in readiness, good humor is restored, the wife takes her seat opposite, with her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands, and assumes an expression of countenance that is mysteriously calculated to both encourage and repress the writer; and he grasps the pen tightly between his fingers and stares at the paper with an intensity that is entirely unnecessary. The date-line starts off glibly, and then suddenly ceases as it reaches the date itself. He puts the holder in his mouth and immediately spits it out again, making up a face that is no wise suggestive of bergamot, and pettishly asks her if she knows the day of the month. Of course she does. Is it the 13th—or is it the—but no—it must be. She hesitates, stares at him, wavers, and is lost. She doesn't know whether it is the 13th or the 18th, but the almanac will tell, and she at once starts to hunt it up. This occasions a delay of fifteen minutes, during which he makes about ninety-five passes at one fly. The date having been satisfactorily settled upon, and the things which rolled over the floor as that stand drawer unexpectedly fell out having been restored to their place, the date line is completed, and "Dear Mother" started. The pen is a home pen of bashful mould, and whenever it starts a line it requires a half-dozen passes to make it give down. All home pens do this. And all home sheets of paper have weak spots which the ink refuses to cross, thus creating some remarkable divisions of words, and considerable confusion among sentences. Some of these spots are two inches in diameter, and anybody in the next room can tell the moment the writer comes to them, just as well as if he was looking over his shoulder. When the letter is completed, which generally occurs at the end of the fifth hour from the commencement, it is carefully read over, and supplied with absent words, and then gone over again and artistically touched up with the pen at the bare places. Then it is folded up ready for the envelope, and the discovery is made that there is no envelope in the house, and the letter is tucked in behind the clock until the want is supplied.—*Danbury News.*

A good lady who, on the death of her first husband, married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh, that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenuous reply.

## SCENE IN AN OPIUM SHOP.

One who has never visited an opium shop can have no conception of the fatal fascination that holds its victims fast bound—mind, heart, soul, and conscience, all absolutely dead to every impulse but the insatiable, ever-increasing thirst for the damning poison. I entered one of these dens but once, but I can never forget the terrible sights and sounds of that "place of torment." The apartment was spacious, and might have been pleasant but for its foul odors and still fouler scenes of unutterable woe—the footprints of sin trodden deep in the furrows of those haggard faces and emaciated forms. On all four sides of the room were couches placed thickly against the walls, and others were scattered over the apartment wherever there was room for them. On each of these lay extended the wreck of what was once a man. Some few were old—all were hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and cadaverous countenances; many were clothed in rags, having probably smoked away their last dollar; while others were offering to pawn their only decent garment for an additional dose of the deadly drug. A decrepit old man raised himself as we entered, drew a long sigh, and then with a half-uttered imprecation on his own folly proceeded to refill his pipe. This he did by scraping off, with a five-inch steel needle, some opium from the lid of a tiny shell box, rolling the paste into a pill, and then, after heating it in the blaze of a lamp, deposit it within the small aperture of his pipe. Several short whiffs followed; then the smoker would remove the pipe from his mouth and lie back motionless; then replace the pipe, and with fast-glazing eyes blow the smoke slowly through the pallid nostrils. As the narcotic effects of the opium began to work he fell back on the couch in a state of silly stupefaction that was alike pitiable and disgusting. Another smoker, a mere youth, lay with his face buried in his hands, and as he lifted his head there was a look of despair such as I have seldom seen. Though so young, he was a complete wreck, with hollow eyes, sunken chest, and a nervous twitching in every muscle. I spoke to him, and learned that six months before he had lost his whole patrimony by gambling, and came hither to quaff forgetfulness from these Lethæan cups; hoping, he said, to find death as well as oblivion. By far the larger proportion of smokers were so entirely under the influence of the stupefying poison as to preclude any attempt at conversation, and we passed out from this moral pest-house sick at heart as we thought of these infatuated victims of self-indulgence and their starving families at home. This baneful habit, once formed, is seldom given up, and from three to five years indulgence will utterly wreck the firmest constitution, the frame becoming daily more emaciated, the eyes more sunken, and the countenance more cadaverous, till the brain ceases to perform its functions, and death places its seal on the wasted life.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

## LEMONS AND SILVER.

The native jewellers of India never touch silverware with any abrasive substance. For all articles of the kind, even the most delicate, the method of cleaning is by rubbing briskly with slices of juicy lemons. For delicate jewelry the Indians cut a large lime nearly in half, and insert the ornament; they then close up the halves tightly, and put it away for a few hours. The articles are then removed, rinsed in two or three waters, and consigned to a sauceman of nearly boiling soapsuds, well stirred about, taken out, again brushed, rinsed, and finally dried on a metal plate over hot water, finishing the process by a little rub of wash-leather (if smooth work). For very old, neglected, and corroded silver, the article is dipped, with a slow stirring motion, in a rather weak solution of cyanide of potassium; but this process requires care and practice, as it is by dissolving off the dirty silver the effect is so obtained. Green tamarind pods (containing oxalate of potash) are greater detergents of gold and silver articles than lemons, and are much more employed by the artisan for the removal of oxides and firemarks.

## LIQUID AMERICA.

Writing from Vienna, a correspondent of the *Baltimore Gazette* gives the following list of the plain American drinks that our German friends are beginning to learn to like, which are served up, smothered in crushed ice, at thirty, fifty, sixty, and eighty kreutzers, or at twenty-five, thirty, and forty cents in American currency, under the title of "American mixed drinks": Apple-jack and cocktail Jersey, brandy and soda (English), brandy champagne, brandy crusta, brandy fix, brandy julep, brandy punch, brandy sangaree, brandy sling, brandy smash, brandy sour, brandy toddy, Baltimore egg-nogg, Boehm and Wiedl's favorite claret cup, claret cobbler, claret punch, claret sangaree, Catawba cobbler, Catawba punch, champagne cocktail, egg flip, eye-opener, French cocktail, gin cocktail, gin julep, gin crusta, gin punch, gin sling, gin smash, gin sour, gin toddy, hock cobbler, John Collins (English), Indian wigwam punch, Jamaica rum punch, Jamaica rum sour, Knickerbocker, lemonade (plain), lemonade (with a stick), lemonade (fancy), milk punch, Metropolitan punch, (U.S.A.), pousse-café (New York style), pousse-café (New Orleans), pectoral



(Cuban), port wine sangaree, pine-apple punch, port wine flip, porteree, phlegm cutter, sherry and bitters (plain), sherry and egg, sherry cobbler, Shanghai Saratoga, soda cocktail, St. Croix fix, St. Croix sour, St. Croix punch, whiskey cocktail, whiskey punch, whiskey julep, and old Kentucky whiskey sling, whiskey smash, whiskey sour. The champagne punches and cobbles are a florin and a half each, or seventy-five cents in our money. The plain drinks, which are equally as numerous, range from twenty to forty cents each, and forty kreutzers, and upwards. Fifteen per cent. of all their receipts, however, go to the exposition fund. The American restaurants, of which there are two very large ones, have become a favorite resort of the English, and are doing a profitable business.

#### THE CHANCE OF BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Hartford "Courant" has been figuring up the chances of being struck by lightning, and arrives at the following reassuring results:—"Taking the figures of the last census report for our facts, we find that during the year 1870 there were, in the whole country, 202 deaths from lightning stroke. Let womankind take notice that out of these 148 deaths were of males and only fifty-four of females. The total number of deaths from all causes was nearly 500,000. There were 2,437 deaths from other causes to one death from lightning, and there were 190,883 persons living to every one killed by this cause. It is somewhat singular that the lightning was decidedly more destructive with both males and females between the ages of ten and thirty years than with any other; between ten and fifteen years is the most fatal time, but even then the number is very small. Much comfort for those still inclined to be timorous is to be found in going back further on the record.—The deaths by lightning in 1870 were only eleven more than in 1860, while the population had increased more than 7,000,000, and the rate is declining, in spite of the hasty conclusions formed by reading the news of a day. In 1860 there were forty-eight deaths by lightning out of every 100,000 deaths from all causes; in 1870 the rate was only forty-two. But now, while only 202 persons died from lightning-stroke in 1870, there were 397 deaths from sun-stroke, or nearly twice as many. Yet the number of persons who shudder when they see the sun rise would bear a very small ratio to those who shudder at the rising of the thunder-cloud. The rate of deaths by sun-stroke has declined during the decade from ninety-one to eighty-one in 100,000 deaths from all causes, and with the increase in care and information on the subject is likely to decrease still more, but it will always probably be largely in excess of the lightning rate. It is also noticeable that there were 1,345 deaths by suicide, while there were only 202 deaths by lightning; in other words, an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as lightning is to kill him."

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

It is predicted, as one of the possible practical uses of balloons, that the time will come when mechanics who have to work on church spires and tall buildings will do it by means of balloons, instead of with the dangerous scaffolding now in use.

MARSHAL M'MAHON has given a fresh spur to the ambitious youth of France. He has always taken particular interest in scholastic studies, and has recently announced that this year all the pupils who obtain prizes of honor in special mathematics, philosophy, and rhetoric shall be invited to dine at the Presidency.

An extraordinary man has appeared in Italy as a lecturer—one Saltario R. Trezza, who is said to be endowed by nature with a fiery eloquence and a faculty of investing things generally with a poetic halo. A grand voice capable of every inflection necessary to the expression of every emotion, a memory worthy of Macaulay, and a range of reading supplying him with an inexhaustible fund of illustration, are the gifts that combine to make Signor Trezza a wonderful lecturer. Without note he pours forth in well-chosen words learned disquisitions on the Latin writers, and analyzes the profoundest subjects in the guise of brilliant improvisations.

THE BEST PHYSICIAN.—The celebrated Doctor Sydenham had a patient whom he had long prescribed for. At last Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted—that he could not pretend to advise him any further. "But," said he, "there is a Doctor Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better." The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road; but travelling was a very different undertaking then from what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination; but no Doctor Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town. This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much, and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him on a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, "Well, now," said Sydenham, "after all, is your health any better?" "Better!" said he; "yes, sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as ever I was in my

life; but no thanks to you for that." "Well," said Sydenham, "you have still reason to thank Doctor Robinson. I wanted to send you a journey with an object in view. I knew it would do you good; in going you had Doctor Robinson in contemplation, and in returning you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me."

THE Czarowitz is described as of medium height, very solidly and athletically built, with a martial figure, and the carriage of a haughty and courageous soldier; a countenance oval, full cheeks, full lips, a handsome, round, determined chin, large, stern, dark eyes, and lowering brow. He can not be called strikingly handsome, but he is a young man who would be noticed for his manly bearing and expression any where. His creamy complexion is smooth and soft, and he has the appearance of having lived on the fat of the land. He is evidently of a luxurious as well as active and enterprising temperament, in both respects being thoroughly unlike his imperial papa. In one thing, however, he resembles the Czar, and indeed this is a traditional trait of the Romanoff—he wears a habitual expression of haughty melancholy, which seldom melts into a smile, and almost never into hearty laughter. The Emperors Paul, Nicholas, and Alexander II. were all melancholy men, and Alexander I. had a deep underlying sadness under his cheery and bluff exterior. This has been accounted for by the fact that the Czars, from their position, live in constant danger of assassination, and never can know from what source or in what manner the blow may come. Certain it is that the present Czar is timid, and is a victim to hypochondria, which is accounted for by some by his habit of taking too much alcoholic stimulant, and by others as the result of a constant wearing fear of his life. The Czarowitz, on the contrary, is a thoroughly brave man, but has probably got his melancholy by inheritance. Accompanying him is a very fascinating little lady, who can not, with her pleasant, open, cheerful face, but win golden opinions wherever she goes. The Princess Dagmar of Denmark, or, as she is now called, the Czarevna Marie-Feodorovna, is at twenty-six more girlish than womanly, and seems to have maintained the vivacious temperament of her family despite her rather grim husband. She strikingly resembles her sister, the Princess Alexandra of Wales, though she is now far prettier, and has bright blue instead of soft brown eyes. Her face is one of the most innocent and attractive possible. She does not in the least share her husband's haughtiness of manner, but her roguish eyes look as though she were in constant expectation of a good frolic.

A WRITER in *The Field* tells the following: "As illustrating the recent aquarium thefts from the Crystal Palace, I have to record one which took place from the Hamburg Aquarium in 1868, when I was the curator there, and which was carried out with an elaborateness and curious completeness of detail which a London crackman might be proud of. It was in this wise: In the spring of that year I procured from Norway a group of lampshells (*Terebratula caput serpentis*), of which I was very proud, as I believe they were then for the first time shown alive in an aquarium, and I have never heard of any being since exhibited. I placed them, attached to a stone, as found, in one of the small open tanks in the south room, for the sake of the greater aeration of the water there; and I chanced to point them out and explain their peculiarities to a German lady residing in the neighborhood of the aquarium, and who was a frequent visitor to it. In the course of the same week this lady (who kept her carriage, if not carriages) sent her footman with an empty wine bottle, asking that it might be filled with seawater on that and on several following mornings, as the doctor had ordered that her little son's eyes should be daily washed with it for some slight disorder he had; and I of course readily gave the water every day. When this had gone on for about a fortnight I missed the shells, stone and all. About a week later, I by chance met the lady's son, and asked him how his eyes were, and whether the sea water had done them good. His first answer was to open those eyes in silent wonder, and his second reply was to say, with his tongue also, that his eyes had never been bad, and that they had never been washed with sea water. He also said that he had no brother or sister with eyes needing such applications. Thereupon I asked him whether his mamma had an aquarium, and he told me "Yes, she had lately set up one, and it was now in the drawing-room, and was a marine aquarium." All this he said quite innocently and child-like; not seeing my drift. I next got the same information from one of the female servants of the house. So I made up my mind as to where the shells had gone. But if I had made a fuss the animals would have been destroyed; therefore, I determined to collar them as they had been collared. I watched the lady's house, and one morning, just as she had gone out for a drive, I entered by the garden gate, and looking through the drawing-room window opening on the lawn, I spied my beloved shells in a vase of water—the water which had been gradually collected under false pretences. The folding French window was ajar and held from flying open by the two catches being hitched in each other; so I opened them with a touch of my knife, stepped over the low window sill, and in a moment the shells were safe in my pocket. No one was in the room, so I left on the table, beside the vase, my card, with a few words written on the back of it saying what I had done. I was not pulled-up for housebreaking, and the lady never came near the Aquarium for a whole year.

#### HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

AN Indianapolis genius has furnished the following statement of recent spiritual manifestations in his district: "We all of us sat round a table and put our hands on to it, and pretty soon the thing began to move, and we all began to feel queer. It was hot as blazes in the room, and dark as pitch. I tell you it was the funniest place I was ever in. The medium was from Cincinnati, and when the table began to move he said: 'Now, if there be any spirits present, let them signify it by two slight corrollops on the table,' and, by gad, they corrolloped."

SOME editor who has been victimized writes as follows: "We shall never engage another woman to report gentlemen's fashions for this paper. We might have known she would ignominiously fail; but she said gentlemen reported ladies' fashions, and she couldn't see why a woman shouldn't write up the masculine modes. We couldn't see either, so we gave her a *carte-blanche* to go ahead. And such a fashion article! Here is a specimen of the ridiculous stuff: A *recherché* spring overcoat for promenade has pretty ribbed stripes, with three ruffles on the tails, festooned with tassels, single-breasted collar, and rolling flaps on the pannier. A lovely dress-coat has three buttons and pockets in the rear, box-pleated on the hips, three-ply guipure lace on the narrative, gored in a bunch and cut bouffant. Vests button up in front, same as last year, and have pockets, with imperial polonaise up the back, and oxidized buttons in double rows on the collar, with tab fronts. The shirt is cut tight at the knee, and open in front or behind, as may be preferred, with percale bosom, trimmed passementerie; four rows of Magenta braid around the skirt, with hood at back, bound with galloon to match. Much depends on the pantaloons. A gentleman's dress is very incomplete without trousers. These are of some subdued color, as London smoke, and should have monise with the—the—the neck fichu. They are cut bias in both legs, with deep frills to fall over the instep; the waist is garnished with a broad band of batiste, with ecru facings, and buttons to match; the— But that is enough. Anyone but a Sandwich Islander will see at a glance that these fashions are frightfully mixed. Who ever heard of trousers being cut bias in the legs, deep frills falling over the instep, with a broad band of batiste—whatever that may be—and ecru facings and things? Rather than wear pantaloons built in that way, we would go without, and encase our limbs in two sections of stove pipe."

THE *Reese River Reveille* has the following, which serves to exhibit the extravagances of far Western humor: "A festive youth, who performs his daily avocations in the mines of Lander Hill, thought he would take home a little blasting powder the other day; it might come handy to split an obstinate log he had at home. When he started for his humble cabin in the evening he wrapped a few ounces carefully in several thicknesses of paper and placed it in his pocket. When he got home he got to thinking about how long it would be before he was likely to get a crushing; and then he thought what a nice perfume that handkerchief extract that he bought last Saturday night had, and he said within himself that a miner's life was hard and uncertain. Then he thought he ought to call on that Smithers girl to-night. He thought of everything but that powder in the pocket of his coat. After supper he concluded to drop in and see that Smithers girl. He got his necktie in proper shape, his handkerchief was perfumed like unto a new-blown rose; one oiled lock hung gracefully down on his forehead, and he started for the domicile of his sweetheart. This young man is coloring a meerschaum, but his girl detests the horrid smoke; so when he got to the door, he knocked the bowl of the meerschaum on his manly heel, and put it in his pocket. Of course, he didn't intend to put it in the same pocket with the powder. His affinity met him at the door with a sweet smile on her beautiful countenance, welcomed him to her paternal mansion, and invited him into the parlor and to a seat on the sofa. They were engaged in conversation. He asked her if it wasn't a beautiful evening, and then she inquired how he liked the dress Miss Brown wore at church last Sunday. He said he didn't like it a bit, and she remarked that Miss Brown was a stuck-up thing anyhow; and all this time that pipe was insidiously burning its way through that paper. He agreed that Miss Brown was somewhat stuck-up, and said maybe we'd strike it pretty soon, and then you'd see who would wear plug hats. She told him she thought plug hats so becoming, and then he was going to tell her he adored her; that she was the darling of his soul, and that all his happiness was centred in her No. 7 boots. But he was interrupted. He arose from the floor and inquired if the lightning had struck anybody else, and remarked something about the Virginia explosion being a warning to people not to keep nitro-glycerine in their houses. Then he took off his coat. He said it was an old coat, and he didn't want it no how. His girl's father suggested that this wasn't Fourth of July, and if he wanted to set off fireworks he ought to go up on the hill and do it. Then the young man said it was getting late, and he guessed he'd go home, and suggested that he would send a man around to-morrow to fix the sofa. He says now that flax-seed aint worth a cuss for a poultice, and he ain't going to call on that Smithers gal any more; she's most too high-toned, and thinks herself too good for a miner, anyhow."

#### OUR PUZZLER.

##### 68. VERBAL PUZZLES.

I.

A couple of E's, a couple of C's, two S's, one L and a D, one I and one N; add hark, please, and then, a great author you are certain to see.

II.

Two H's employ, now put down *enjoy*,  
And *born* you must add to the same;  
With R, N, and Y, to please them now try,  
You then see a writer of fame.

##### 69. CHARADE.

By the sea-shore my first may be seen;  
My second most jewellers sell;  
My third is delicious when cut very thin;  
My whole will the name of a village tell.

##### 70. LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a bird; behead me, I am to awake; behead me again, I am a river in England; restore my head and the centre take out, I am a beautiful flower; change head, I am part of yourself; and, last of all, a letter please drop, and transpose, and a number 'twill be sure to show.

##### 71. CHARADE.

I first to wander by the Dee,  
And read my second thoughtfully.  
Ah! then how happy I should be  
To tell my whole, dear Kate, to thee.

##### 72. ANAGRAMS ON BRITISH POETS.

1. Near Sam Lzal; 2. I will hear Sam speak;  
3. Same hot room; 4. Turn, robbers; 5. Call me both, Sam.

##### 73. METAGRAM.

Reputation this will name,  
Change its head, 'twill be the same.

##### 74. CHARADE.

A little weapon is my first,  
That's used in every land,  
And tho' the smallest, p'rhaps the worst,  
When in a skilful hand.  
My second now my first will use,  
Tho' not its power to test;  
If he succeed but to amuse,  
He'll quite contented rest.  
But if in this my second fail,  
'Twill grieve him to the soul,  
And evermore will he bewail,  
And ever be my whole.

My third upon the field is seen,  
In time of peace 'tis there,  
Or when men fight for king or queen,  
Or at a country fair.

F. AYLETT.

##### 75. METAGRAMS.

1. Change my head, and I become a prison, anger, wise, and to do or make. 2. To listen, a period of time, to carry, to use, a small drop of water, close, and a fruit. 3. A light part of day, an instrument used to render sounds, not whole, used, made, a nuisance on a toe.

##### 76. LOGOGRIPH.

I'm of little account if you leave me alone,  
But in great combinations I'm second to none,  
I'm the centre of grandeur, the requisite chain  
To unite grief and happiness, pleasure and pain.  
Though too modest to boast of my wealth or my fame,  
To three-sevenths of Lapland I fairly lay claim;  
England, Ireland, and Scotland, three-fourths of the sand,  
To no drop of the ocean, but half its strand.

P. J. O'HANLON.

##### 77. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Divide 36 into four such parts, that if 2 be added to the first, deducted from the second, multiplied by the third, and the fourth divided by it, the sum, difference, products, and quotient shall all equal each other.

JOHN STOKES.

##### 78. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1. A shell-fish I am, and I live in the sea.  
At the bottom of ships you may often find me.  
2. In Persia next find me a town that is strong.  
3. Then a duchy and town to little Poland belong.  
4. From Natolia now me a province pick out,  
With a very queer name that we can't do without.  
5. Now a word that will stand for important;  
'tis clear  
We are not nice as to what sort of words do appear.  
6. Next a group of Mediterranean islands known well.  
7. Then a city in England, famed for its big bell.  
8. Lastly, a habit with the young growing fast,  
And, with many old chimneys, for ever will last.  
The initials, centrals, and finals read down,  
And you'll see a book of reference worth a crown.

J. T. MUGGLESTONE.

##### 79. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

£1200 is spent in buying a certain quantity of tea, at 3 cwt. for £60, and twice as much at 3 cwt. for £70; the whole was sold at 6 cwt. for £126. What was gained or lost?

W. HOWE.



## 80. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A town in England 'tis, I ween,  
From which the sunny waves are seen.
2. This is in Europe, we are told;  
The weather there is somewhat cold.
3. A Turkish name you here may see;  
He once was great as man may be.
4. This is in Russia, I confess;  
'Tis very easy, too, to guess.
5. A process logical, I say;  
We often do it every day.
6. In a republic 'tis a town,  
Some time ago of great renown.
7. Scholastic town near London; ay,  
A poet there one time did stay.  
If the initials down you read,  
And finals upwards, then, indeed,  
You'll see a class, of whom, tho' loud,  
The British nation may be proud.

JOSEPH XAVIER.

## 81. ANAGRAMS—WRITERS.

1. Paint nice, Amy dear; 2. O, Will, nice silk;
3. Usage gags a true soul; 4. Game, Joe wonder;
5. Another toil pony; 6. Search, dealer;
7. Dip on him, Will, how extra; 8. Lor, kiss her boy;
9. In man see jail bird.

OLD SALT.

## 82. ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

I.  
Take eleven times five,  
One hundred more,  
Then please add to it  
A fifth of a score.  
The first of all figures  
Then place them aright,  
And a brave old soldier  
You'll bring into sight.

II.  
Twice one hundred,  
Seven times one,  
One-fourth of nine,  
And then you've done.  
Put them in order,  
Then quickly is seen,  
That to part or separate  
My total does mean.

C. P. MITCHELL.

## 83. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a great power; behead, a greater.
2. Whole a great power; behead, and find a smaller.
3. Whole, I darken; behead, I connect; again, I mark. Whole, I'm a change; beheaded, I strive; again, I open.

EUREKA.

## 84. CHARADE.

My first, transposed, a weapon will state;  
Value my second will indicate.  
If you the twain will correctly bind,  
A famous poet you then will find.

S. W. G. ADKINSON.

## 85. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

- 100 and ha shireff (a prussian lagoon)  
501 " no take rear (a town of Russia)  
500 " he poor (a celebrated courtesan of Greece)  
1006 " a (a man's name)  
151 " rob fame (a town in Devonshire)  
1 " harp soon (an ancient city of Persia)  
101 " K a a (a fixed body)  
101 " no tree (modern)  
2000 " book say o o (an ancient register of estates)  
1 " queer s (a title)  
1150 " rare K (a well-known fish)  
500 " ogrape (one of the harpies)  
300 " ere tin (singularity of disposition)  
50 " refuge N. T. (Brilliant)  
100 " he too (a Shaksperian character)  
100 " or he rest (a city in Kent)  
101 " orono (a river of South America)  
50 " a fast if (a character in "Merry Wives of Windsor")  
50 " big (smooth)  
2 " a stone sport (a maritime province of Brazil)  
1 " large H (a celebrated Englishman)  
200 " ye son ne (the Goddess of Memory)  
2001 " nut erd (the birth place of "Sallust")  
6 " on (a town of northern Italy)  
2002 " say a ko (an island of Japan).

The initials and finals of the above, read downwards, will name two generals opposed to each other during the "Thirty Years' War."

## 86. FIGURE REBUS.

"He fell in harness, as a soldier ought,  
The ink scarce dry in the unwearied pen,  
Thinking of other battles to be fought,  
Fresh laurels to cull, new praise of men."—  
Punch.

My 6, 33, 34, 30, 4, 39, 33 name the inventor of the acromatic telescope—he died in 1761. My 21, 17, 2, 7, 3, 28, 9, 6 name the founder of a famous pottery ware—died 1795. My 24, 31, 10, 33, 18, 25, 32, 9, 29 name a famous poet—died 1824. My 15, 20, 14, 39, 2, 8, 23 name the elder of two brothers—African travellers; he died 1834. My 18, 5, 19, 29, 12, 30 name a great engineer, who died 1849. My 6, 1, 32, 19, 35, 27, 22, 10 name a Dutch admiral beaten by Blake, February, 1653. My 23, 9, 18, 12, 5, 36, 25, 1, 13, 38, 10, 6, 17 name a physician and the author of several works on "Knowledge;" he died 1558. My 9, 21, 8, 29, 11, 16, 1, 39, 2, 31, 21, 1, 32 name a valorous Welshman who fought by the side of Hotspur at the battle of Hatfield. My 21, 4, 37, 26, 35, 30, 17, 5 headed an insurrection by the peasantry in 1381.

W. GODBY.

## 87. ENIGMA.

Daughter of Eve, just listen and wonder,

Never more grieve, you of forty and under,  
If beauty and you should be torn asunder,  
And loveliness fade from your cheek,  
When you have much you always abuse me,  
When you have little you try to amuse me:  
When it's curtailed, you cannot but choose me,  
For then you will get what you seek.

P. J. O'H.

## 88. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.

- 302 and ohannah (a country in Asia)  
550 " a hen (a celebrated musician)  
600 " near of (a town in Germany)  
100 " horse ter (a town in England)  
52 " rope (one of the Oceanides)  
1000 " wear (a man's name)  
501 " pert rows (a flower)  
500 " roe (a celebrated artist)  
1 " hop on (a son of Sophocles)  
105 " near (a cave)  
500 " inkly (benevolent)  
1500 " aone Spain (a famous Theban)  
101 " onun (a messenger)  
50 " soon (one of the seven wise men of Greece)

G. J. B., Junr.

## 89. CHARADE.

My first is best used by those—oh for a rhyme!  
Who justly consider the value of time;  
For business, for pleasure, or for play,  
Its beat is consulted by night and by day.  
My second's too easy to guess, I much fear,  
I'm bound to transcribe it so plainly here.  
My third will be found in the science balloon,  
Though e'en in the depths of the seas 'tis a boon;  
In the work-bag, the toilette, by hedge, or by brook,  
Worn by gardener, gamekeeper, mistress, and cook.

My whole, store of history, science, and art,  
To wisdom what help do its treasures impart!  
My first brought it to me; my second, with care,  
Laid its stores, interesting, and curious, and rare,  
And my third brought no few of the gems that are there.

B. J. T.

## ANSWERS.

53.—SQUARE PUZZLE.—Denham and Milton.—

DENHAM  
ENZELI  
NICKEL  
HERMIT  
APOLLO  
MILTON

54.—LOGOGRIPHS.—1. Beast, best. 2. Claret, clear.

55.—CHARADE.—Spurgeon—Spur, Ge, On.  
56.—CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it is a corn (acorn) field. 2. When it is a dress (the address). 3. Because they need (knead) bread. 4. Wells. 5. When they are belles (bells).

57.—CONICAL PUZZLE.—

C  
RAT  
OUNCE  
VULTURE  
HINDOSTAN  
LONDONPRIDE

## CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Sept. 20th, 1873.

\* \* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

\* \* \* We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—We purpose very shortly to give you ample information relative to the proper method of opening the game.

N. W. Cox.—For directions how to castle on the Queen's side see below.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 3.

- White. Black.  
1. B. to Q. 7th. 1. Any move.  
2. Q. or B. mates accordingly.

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

- White. Black.  
1. B. to K. B. 8th. 1. Any move.  
2. B. or Kt. mates accordingly.

## PROBLEM No. 5.

By "CHECKMATE."

BLACK.

